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COME.

BY WM. W. LONG.

Sweet, my sweet, come—don't you know
You must break all bonds and with me go
Out from the darkness, away from here?

Come, I am waiting you, sweet, my dear—
Come to the land of Love with me,
To Love's white palace beside the sea.

The Marked Stone.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

"SO," observed Stephen Gifford pleasantly, "your fair treasure-trove stays at White Towers, Mr. Dermot?"

"You heard what my sister said, and know as much about it as I do," returned Dermot sulkily.

Entering the great hall of the eastern tower on his way up to bed from the kitchen where he had been superintending the supper of Gurth and Lady, he had rather to his surprise, found his brother's secretary standing on the bearskin rug before the slowly-fading fire.

Dermot did not like Mr. Gifford; he never "got on" with him, and just now he was tired and cross and sleepy; a long day in the house, with nothing to do, being most distasteful to him.

"Miss Musgrave appears very pleased," went on the secretary smoothly, with a sidelong glance at the handsome cross-looking Dermot.

"Does she? I'm glad to hear it."

"I thought she seemed so. Mr. Musgrave also."

"Oh, he!" ejaculated Dermot slightly surprised.

"It is hardly to be wondered at, considering the circumstances—and his fancies."

'Oh, you only call them fancies?' queried the young man, stroking Gurth's shaggy head.

"Don't you?" Stephen Gifford smiled a smile that was meant to convey a great deal.

"Durward's one thing and I'm another!" said Dermot bluntly, moving towards the door in the panelled wall with his dogs in close attendance. "He's welcome to his fancies, and my treasure trove as you call her, too. I don't want her!"

"The boy has more sense than both his brothers put together, young bear as he is" muttered Gifford, as the door closed; and then added musingly, with his eyes fixed upon the fire, "It is strange—even to me it is strange! I should like to know how it will end." He raised his head with an odd smile, and stood for a moment as if listening, but there was no sound but the crackling of the fire and the ticking of an old clock, the pendulum of which swung solemnly in a corner of the great hall. "Silent to-night," he said. "Well, time will show;" and with this reflection he went on to bed too.

* * * * * *

Rosalie Redferne, staying at White Towers, making her home within its frowning walls, was surely as much out of place as such a bright and blithe little creature could be. Not that in the least she seemed to feel so.

She was romantic for one thing, and White Towers was delightfully weird and old and strange; and for another she dreaded Mrs. Brierley and Wavelscombe.

Her experiences as lady's companion had not been over-pleasant, and it was mere play to be companion to pretty Cordelia Musgrave.

But was she that? Little Rosalie, before she had been there a fortnight at White Towers, began to laugh at the notion, being a very shrewd little woman in her quaint way.

Cordelia was always kind to her, almost as fond and gentle as a motherly elder sister could have been; and during the long days when the great snowfall imprisoned the Castle inmates, they spent a good deal of time together in Miss Musgrave's sitting room, or now and then exploring the almost endless passages and corridors of the east and central towers.

Sir Dunston had always a kind word and a smile for her, and always welcomed her with gentle courtesy whenever she thrust her golden head within his study; the secretary always treated her with all possible deference and politeness—a politeness which she responded to by hating him intensely; even stiff old Margery and grumpy old Dan relaxed to the pretty blue-eyed fairy; but Rosalie's own private opinion was that she ought to have been called the companion of Durward Musgrave.

Somehow it mostly came about that these two spent most of their time together.

Never in his whole life had Durward Musgrave seemed to forget himself, his nerves and his comforts, as he did in his zeal to please and amuse all he could Rosalie Redferne.

He read to her—and he could not read well—he was a good musician, and he played to her on Cordelia's old piano, and the little lady herself played and sang in a sweet ringing voice, which was almost lost in the great room.

When the frost broke and the snow melted, he even forsook his cushioned chair and rugs by the huge wood fires, and, wearing a great-coat, walked with her in the neglected little park, with its stunted trees and moss-grown paths. In fact, he was wonderfully obliging, good-tempered, and complaisant.

Now and then however, when anything vexed or crossed him, there would be a display of petulance, an outbreak of complaining and scolding, and exhibition of bad-temper, weakness, and selfishness which astonished and almost disgusted Rosalie. It was not like a man, the girl would think, with a scoraful toss of her bloud head; and certainly Dermot she hardly saw at all except at meals, and, when she did see him she quarrelled with him.

"It isn't my fault," said Dermot sulkily to his sister, when one day she gently remonstrated with him as to this state of things. "I don't want to quarrel with her, the little witch! Why doesn't she let me alone, with her flouting and sneerings, the little minx! If I am an ignorant thick-headed fool it's no business of hers, I would like to know?"

"Oh, Dermot, my dear, she doesn't call you that!" Cordelia remonstrated, rather [illegible].

"Doesn't she? Something very much like it, at any rate. She makes me see pretty plainly that she thinks it. I know that I shall shake her one of these days if she doesn't keep that vitriol tongue of hers quiet. I should have done it before, only she's such a baby."

"You always seem to be quarrelling," said Cordelia sadly. "I do wish you could agree."

"Well, it isn't my fault. *I* don't want to quarrel with her. Why doesn't she let me alone?" persisted Dermot harking back to his grievance. "There's Durward always ready to talk his soft poetry twaddle to her, or make a row on that piano. Let her listen to him and not bother me. I don't want her. If she thinks I'm idiot because I can't quote yards of balderdash and haven't read every book that was ever put within covers, let her think so; I don't care. It isn't my fault, is it?"

"I think it is!"—Cordelia glanced up at him as he stood beside her, on the rug, before the huge fire in the great hall of the central tower, thinking how handsome her boy looked, and how cross. "Rosalie does not dislike you, and she would not say all those funny little sharp things if you would be just a little polite to her, instead of so very gruff and grim, dear. You forget too that you saved her life, and that she is grateful to you for it."

"I don't forget it," returned Dermot ungraciously. "But, if I did, it's her business to remember it, not mine. As for her gratitude, I don't want her gratitude; and all I can say is, that she's got a precious queer way of showing it." And with that he whistled to his dogs, and stalked out of the hall, and Cordelia saw him, a moment later, go striding past the window.

Now it chanced that Miss Redferne had overheard every word of this conversation, for she had been crouched up in a little recess of the great hearth, within a few feet of the speakers.

Mischief had kept her silent at first, then anger, and, as Cordelia went out softly, she rose and stood in the firelight, clenching her little fists, biting her lip, and feeling altogether insulted and ill-used.

That impertinent cross boy, how dared he call her names like that? Witch and minx indeed! And just, too, when she had really been feeling remorseful for having teased him so; for Durward had had one of his petulant fits half-an-hour since, and, upon her declining to play for him and refusing to read, had peevishly expressed a wish to be left alone to restore his nerves by means of a nap.

Miss Redferne had been nearly a month at White Towers now, and he had got upon sufficiently familiar terms with her to indulge in a dignified sulk pretty often.

"I'll go out," she said, after staring at the fire for some minutes. "And if Durward chooses to wake up presently and want me to read to him, he can. He is like a great baby, I declare, making a fuss about the cold and about the draughts as if he had been born and brought up in a hot-house. I don't believe he is really any more ill than anybody else."

She ran out of the hall, through the chilly winding passages, up the narrow stone staircase of the eastern tower, to her room. It was next to Miss Musgrave's, and when she was ready she tapped lightly at Cordelia's door, heard an answering "Come in!" and entered.

"What going out, Rosy?" said Cordelia in some surprise.

"Yes, I'm tired of being indoors; I thought I should like just a little walk before we have our tea. You don't want me, Cordelia, do you?"

"No, dear—of course not; but I'm afraid it is rather cold for you. Durward has been complaining of it dreadfully."

"I am not made of sugar!" said Rosalie sausily.

Cordelia opened her eyes widely and stared a little. Really, the child said it almost as Dermot might have done, she thought.

"No, you are certainly not delicate, slight as you are. Only strong people can bear our winters; anyone who is delicate they try severely."

"But," began Rosalie, knitting her brows and blushed and stopped.

"But—what?"

"Your brother is not really delicate, is he?"

"Durward? Yes, very. Surely you can tell that, my dear?"

The girl hesitated. She did not like to say that she thought Durward made the greatest possible fuss for the smallest possible reason, so she faltered—

"But you are not, or Dermot?"

"I am not very strong, Rosalie, nor is Sir Dunston, but we are not either of us so delicate as Durward. As for Dermot, he is much stronger than any of us—and he resembles his mother, and she was not ours, you know. But, Durward's heart is weak, we are afraid. Indeed, we know it is."

"Then that is what makes him so—so odd," observed the girl half to herself, with a pensive nod of comprehension at the fire. "I—I—thought he was so peevish, and so easily put out, Cordelia," she said with a contrite glance at Miss Musgrave.

"I'm afraid he is," aided Cordelia gently. "But we must make allowances for him poor fellow—on—on all accounts, Rosalie—particularly you, dear."

"Why particularly me?" questioned the girl, with a look of wonder.

"Why?" repeated Cordelia, a delicate crimson rising in her pale cheeks as her eyelids drooped before the girl's straightforward gaze. "I—I mean because you are so much with him, and because he likes you so much dear."

Rosalie shook her head.

"Do you think he likes me so much, Cordelia?"

"Don't you know he does?"

"No! You are fond of me, I know, and Sir Dunston likes me, but Durward, although he tries to keep me by him all the time, and does all he can to please me, doesn't, I believe, really like me a bit better than—Dermot himself does."

"Is that quite poor Dermot's fault, Rosalie?"

Conscience caused Rosalie to blush rathe guiltily, as she cast a quaint deprecating glance at the sweet grave face beside her.

"Well—er—perhaps it isn't, quite. But then it isn't my fault either, Cordelia; I'd be nice to him if he would only be nice to me."

"And he would be nice to you if you would be nice to him."

"Would he?" said Rosalie, raising her eyebrows doubtfully.

"I am sure he would. Just try it Rosalie."

"Well, perhaps I will. But if I do he'll only frown and snub me, and go stalking off with his dogs, just as he always does, I know."

"Not if you keep that sharp little tongue of yours more in order," said Cordelia.

"Oh, that horrid tongue of mine!" cried Rosalie. "I know it is hateful; but what can I do? It seems that sometimes I can't help saying things whith stings in their tails."

"Can't you?" said Miss Musgrave, smiling. "Well, try not to let them sting Dermot any more, dear, at any rate. I am always sorry when you do."

"Well, I won't then," said Rosalie, stamping her feet with an air of resolution. "But you know, Cordelia, he is always trying to show what a silly thing he thinks me. Now isn't he?"

"But aren't you always trying to show that your opinion of him is not very flattering?" queried Cordelia gently.

Rosalie laughed, blushed, frowned, and finally stared pensively at the fire. Cordelia, standing beside her, had drawn the girl's arms about her waist and stood looking down at the lovely little face thoughtfully. Looking up presently, and meeting her grave eyes, Rosalie said impulsively—

"Cordelia, may I ask you something?"

"Of course, my dear."

"I sha'n't offend you?"—"No, I am sure you will not."

"Then, why is it that Dermot isn't like other people—like you and Sir Dunston and Durward? Why is it that he does not know

I—I can't put it nicely, somehow," she said hesitating and flushing, "but you know what I mean, Cordelia—don't you?"

"Yes, I know, Rosalie."

"Then, why is it?" questioned the girl timidly.

"My dear, I can hardly tell you," replied Cordelia in a troubled voice: "It is my fault, I am afraid, or partly mine. I should have tried earlier than I did to alter things. We all neglected Dermot more or less, I know, and that just at the time when he should have received the most care—ten years ago. But it would never have been so, I often think, but for Dunston's great sorrow—poor fellow!"

"Sir Dunston's great sorrow?" echoed Rosalie, but the question which was so obviously upon her tongue was checked by Cordelia with a light touch upon her lips.

"One of these days I will tell you, dear—to-night, perhaps. You are one of us, that is, you have a right to know, I mean! Yes, it is right for you to know. Go now, or you will miss your walk, and it is nearly dark already."

CHAPTER VII.

A LITTLE awed and more than a little puzzled, Rosalie went out of the room.

The pretty little creature had very sharp eyes and keen wits, and brief as her residence beneath its old roof had been, she had already become convinced that there was something about White Towers which set it apart from all the homes of men and women that she had ever seen.

Sometimes, stealing through its great oaken halls, or its sombre rooms, or its chilly silent stone passages the girl would fancy that there was something solemn, brooding and mysterious in the very air.

The fancy was upon her very strongly as she ran down the stone stairs—so strongly that she shivered a little, and even glanced behind her timidly as she crossed the great shadowy hall of the eastern tower, and opening the side door, she stepped out into the keen air of the December evening.

The girl turned towards the small archway through which she could most readily reach the little park, along the neglected paths of which she was fond of wandering; but she certainly did not expect, when presently running along with full speed, to stumble and fall into the arms of Dermot Musgrave.

She did so, however, and Gurth and Lady, quite as much astonished as the two principal actors in the collision, frisked and barked wildly, and evidently enjoyed it very much.

"I—I beg your pardon!" faltered Rosalie, blushing, looking up timidly at the tall young man, who with a self-suppressed exclamation, had released himself from her grasp with very little ceremony. "I hope I didn't hurt you?"

"Hurt me!" echoed Dermot scornfully. "What was the matter? Were you frightened?"

"Frightened? No, what should frighten me?"

"What did you rush along so for then, as if there were a score of goblins at your heels?"

"I usually do out here; it is better than walking—one gets so cold."

"I dare say you do"—glancing down at her little figure as though he thought there was not much of her to get cold—"I'd be more careful if I were you; you'll be tumbling over something worse than me if you don't look out."

His manner was ungracious, almost sullen, and he stood looking at her with his hands in his pockets very much as though he wished her to get out of his way.

Had it not been for her recent talk with Cordelia it is certain that Miss Redferne would have promptly resented this lack of courtesy and expressed her dissatisfaction in no measured terms.

But, as it was, she sturdily repressed the inclination, and said in a charming tone of candor and humility—

"Yes, I know I'm very stupid—I must try and be more careful. Why, if I were to fall and sprain my ankle in one of these out-of-the-way old paths, I might lie there all night, unless dear old Gurth found me again—and you."

Dermot's frown relaxed a little. This apparently innocent speech was a very artful one.

He did not want her "soft carneying speeches," he told himself, though wondering intensely why she had taken into her head to bestow them upon him; but he was softened by the compliment to Gurth, and, seeing her put her arms fearlessly round the dog's shaggy neck, and unshrinkingly receive a caress from the broad red tongue, he relented still more towards the "little minx."

"Yes," he said, "it would have been pretty bad for you that day if it hadn't been for old Gurth."

"And if it hadn't been for you. I don't think Gurth could have carried me home, to White Towers, dear old doggie he is. I often think I should like to be a man. It must be splendid to be so strong—like you are."

"Oh, being strong isn't everything, you know!" rejoined Dermot generously, with a condescending glance at the little fairy figure.

"Perhaps not," assented Rosalie, shaking her golden head; "but it is as good as anything, I think, and better than a great many things. Oh, what was it that I was going to ask you? Let me think!" Certainly it was necessary to do so, until that moment she had not the remotest idea of asking him anything; but the success which had so far attended her efforts to "be nice to him" was, she felt, so satisfactory that it would only be prudent to try the charm a little longer. "Oh, I know," she exclaimed, after a moment's pause with her finger on her lip—"will you tell me the nearest way to get to the lake, please?"

"The lake? Why, it's on the other side of the park, close to the edge of the dales."

"Oh, dear," cried Rosalie, dubiously glancing about her—"how tiresome! And it is getting so dark, too. I don't believe I shall ever be able to find it by myself."

"That you won't! Why do you want to go there? Won't the morning do?"

"No. I want some bulrushes".

"What do you want bulrushes for?" demanded Dermot curiously.

"To copy for a screen I am trying to paint. It is for Cordelia."

"Oh, for Cordelia, is it? Won't to-morrow do?"

"Not so well. I wanted to get them all grouped to-night. Well, I suppose I can find it; I can but try."

"You'll just go tumbling in if you do—that'll be about the size of it. Look here," Dermot hesitated, remembering an occasion when he had somewhat bashfully proffered his escort in the place of Durward, who had a headache and was in a bad temper, and how it had been curtly declined by the young lady—"look here," he repeated, "if you must have them to-night, I'll go with you if you like."

"Oh, will you?" cried the siren eagerly. "How good of you! But it will give you too much trouble, I'm afraid."

"No, it won't. I might as well walk that way as any other; besides, you'd never get the things up if you found the water. They want a pretty hard tug, I can tell you. Come along!"

As she tripped along by the side of her escort, Miss Rosalie mentally paid a sincere compliment to Cordelia's penetration.

Now and then the roughness of the weed-grown and neglected paths forced her to clutch his hand or coatsleeve, an infliction which he really bore with commendable ability.

But to hold her tongue, and thereby run the risk the risk of elapsing into the old state of affairs, was not at all the little lady's policy, so presently she began with a shudder, which was only half affected, as they turned into a gloomy vista of the tangled prickly undergrowth and dark stunted pines.

"What made you talk just now about ghosts and goblins?"

"You made me think of them coming along at such a space. Why?"

"You made me think of the old German forest goblin, the Erl-king. This looks just the place for him."

"The what king?" inquired Dermot bluntly.

"The Erl-king."

"Never heard of him before. Well? What did he do?"

"Oh, it isn't anything much," she answered brightly; "only a sort of fairy-tale, you know! I dare say you will think it stupid. This Erl-king is supposed to be a forest goblin, who lurks about among the trees in dark woods—the Black Forest principally, I think—and who springs out upon travelers, and who runs away with children if he can catch them."

"Oh, that's his game is it?" Dermot commented, with a half-amused, half-contemptuous look. "He's worse than the English ones—I never heard them running away with any youngsters. This does look the place for that sort of customer though."

"All White Towers looks, that I think," said Rosalie involuntarily; and Dermot glanced at her with sudden doubt and suspicion in his dark eyes.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked abruptly.

"Nothing," she faltered, wondering if he were cross again. "I only mean that it is so dark and gloomy and old, such a strange echoing place, that there might be fifty ghost stories about it."

"There might be a hundred without any ghosts, mightn't there?" said Dermot, glancing down at her coolly.

"Oh, yes—of course! I only meant that I could fancy it."

"You can fancy anything you give your mind to, it's my belief," he returned shortly. "Everybody can."

"I don't think you could," said Rosalie, glancing up at him, with a little laugh. "You have never seen a ghost at White Towers, have you?"

"Not likely. I don't believe in them, Rosalie."

"You would if you saw one, though," she said shrewdly.

"I should see one if I believed in them, you mean," he retorted. "People who don't believe in the article don't see it. But if you make up your mind to see a ghost you'll see one, no mistake about that."

"Well, unfortunately I don't believe in them a bit," declared Rosalie; "so, according to your theory, even White Towers won't be haunted for me."

"I should hope not." He looked rather doubtfully at the pretty little figure tripping by his side, and then suddenly added, "Look here, Miss Redferne, now we're talking about it I'd like to give you a bit of advice. If you hear about any ghost rubbish up yonder"—with a backward jerk of his head—"don't you listen to it, no matter who tells you, mind—even Cordelia. It's only rubbish, you know, and it will just scare you nearly into fits."

"But why should they talk about such things?" inquired Rosalie, with wide-open eyes.

"Oh, I don't know! Cordelia gets fancies into her head sometimes, and Durward's about half cracked over some things; although"—with a side glance at her—"it's almost murder to say that to you, I suppose?"

Here was a chance for a battle royal; but Rosalie resisted the temptation perhaps because she had not got the bulrushes yet, although by this time their feet were crushing the frost-stiffened grass on the edge of the little lake.

Dermot began to pull the tall rushes, wrenching them up with strong vigorous tugs.

A pale moon was rising over the dark tops of the stunted pines, and its light showed great flakes and patches of ice floating sluggishly on the still surface of the deep green water.

Rosalie stood with both hands in her muff pensively watching. Dermot pulled and pulled until he had got a fair sized armful. Then he stopped.

"Will this be enough?"

"Oh, plenty!" cried Rosalie, looking at the pile of stiff green wands. "Thank you—they are beauties!" She made a little rueful grimace. "Oh, how wet and soppy they are! How shall I carry them?"

"Pooh—you carry them! What next?" He put them under his arm without ceremony. "I don't see why you should choose to think I'm such a bear as all that!" he grumbled.

Rosalie said nothing, but she gave him such a charming glance of deprecation that his cheeks flushed. Both were silent for a few minutes, looking at the moonlight on the water.

Gurth and Lady sniffed about among the seeds and grass evidently suspecting rats.

"How pretty it is!" said Rosalie, breaking the silence. "The ice is as bright as glass. I suppose the lake will be frozen all over soon?"

"By to-morrow morning, if the frost to-night is as sharp as it was last."

"Strong enough to bear, do you mean?"

"In a day or so at any rate. Do you like skating then?"

"I don't know—I never tried."

"Because, you know," said Dermot slowly, as if he didn't know whether to say it or not, if you'd think you'd like it, and wouldn't get scared, I'll teach you if you like. It's easy enough."

"But I haven't any skates, you know," she said.

"No skates? That doesn't matter! Cordelia use to skate here from the time she was ten years old—she must have half a dozen pairs, and I dare say some of them would fit you. But don't learn if you don't want to."

"Oh, but I should like it very much," she declared eagerly; "and I am not a bit timid! I'll ask Cordelia about the skates when we get in, if you are sure that I am not too stupid to learn."

"I don't think you are stupid all," said Dermot bluntly; "that is when you like," he said, as a saving clause. "I never said you was stupid that I know of. Don't you think you'd better come in now? It's getting pretty late."

Miss Redferne turned away obediently from the lake, and Gurth and Lady followed.

Either because she was fully satisfied with her success, or because she did not care to risk spoiling it, the girl did not say another word until they had passed under the archway again, and stood in the great court-yard.

The moon was fully up now, and in its silver light White Towers looked its best.

Rosalie drew a long breath of awe and pleasure.

"How lovely it is!" she said. "It is not like a real house—it is a picture! How I wish I had a sketch of it!"

"Ask Cordelia then," suggested Dermot indifferently; "she can draw. She has a half a dozen pictures of it, I dare say."

"I dont wonder; nothing could be more beautiful out of fairyland."

They had advanced slowly until they stood almost opposite to the deep portal of the central tower, when Rosalie gave a sudden scream and clutched at her companion's arm.

"Oh, Dermot look! What is that? What is it?"

"What is what?" asked Dermot disengaging his arm, but not very abruptly. "What is the matter?"

"Look here—that!" cried the girl pointing, "there on the stones—close to the door! Horrible! It is like a stain of blood!"

On one of the stones, directly before the iron-bound door, there was a stain which in the moonlight looked like blood newly shed.

It was no larger than a man's hand, but it was gruesome, suggestive, terrible; and the girl's eyes were dilated and her cheeks white as she stared at it.

But Dermot Musgrave, looking too, laughed half contemptuously.

"Pooh!" he said. "It's only the shadow."

"The shadow?"

"Yes, I thought you weren't timid? A bit of moonlight is a fine thing to scream at."

"Is it the moonlight?"

"Of course it is! What else? If it were dark you wouldn't see it."

"But it looks so dreadful!—like blood!"

"Rubbish! Blood isn't the only red thing in the world! The stone has some sort of a dark mark on it, that's what it is!"

"Then is it there in the daytime?" asked Rosalie quickly.

"Oh, yes," Dermot admitted rather awkwardly. "It's there if you choose to waste your time looking for it! I don't."

"And always like blood, as it is now?" She suppressed a shudder as she looked still at the uncanny mark.

"No quite. It always looks redder in the moonlight."

"Does it? That is very strange! I wonder why?"

"How should I know?" Dermot demanded, in a tone of impatient irascibility. "I never knew such a girl to ask questions! It is because it is, I suppose. I wouldn't bother my head about it, if I were you. Come along—there's old Dan with the door open yonder. Hi, Gurth!—come Lady, old lass!"—and with that he hurried Rosalie round to the side-door of the eastern tower, giving her no time for further questions; but, as she passed in at the door, she glanced back nervously at the crimson stain upon the very threshold of White Towers. It was like blood indeed!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE evenings at White Towers were always quiet, but this particular evening was decidedly dull.

Sir Dunston did not appear at dinner, sending instead by his cross grained servitor, Dan, a message to excuse himself.

Cordelia was even paler and quieter than usual; Dermot had relapsed a little, and was rather gruff and cross; and Durward was so uncompromisingly sulky that little Rosalie, perfectly understanding why, was at first amused, then remorseful, and lastly indignant.

She, at any rate was not sorry when bed-time came, and she and Cordelia went up the old stone staircase to their rooms in the eastern turret.

Somehow Miss Redferne could not rest in her tapestry-hung chamber at all that night.

All sorts of queer uncanny fancies possessed her—she found herself listening with wildly-beating heart and panting breath to every sough of the wind round the old towers, and was hardly able to repress a shriek when a mouse ran along with a swift clatter behind the worm-eaten wainscot.

There was something uncanny in the night she told herself, disgusted at her own fancifulness; and finally, unable to bear the solitude any longer, she stole out into the co r-

ridor, and tapped softly at Cordelia's door.

"Rosalie—oh, how you frightened me! What is it?" cried Cordelia, rising with a half-repressed shriek, as the girl, in her crimson dressing-gown, and with her flossy golden hair all loose about her shoulders, came stealing in. Miss Musgrave had not begun to undress, and in the dull light of her smouldering wood-fire her face looked white, haggard and drawn.

"I—I was frightened somehow," Rosalie faltered. "I don't know how it is, Cordelia, but I couldn't rest. So I thought that if you were not asleep I might come and sit with you for a little while."

Telling her that she might stay all night if she liked, Cordelia gently put her arm about the girl's waist and kissed her. Feeling the touch of the smooth pale cheek upon her warm lips as she returned the caress Rosalie exclaimed quickly—

"Cordelia, you are crying!"

"I think I am, a little, Rosalie. Don't mind me dear."

"But I can't help minding if you are unhappy! What is it?" said Rosalie coaxingly "Won't you tell me?"

"My dear, I was thinking of the past, and that is but a sorrowful business for me," replied Cordelia, forcing a sad smile. "I was grieving, as I know poor Dunston must be grieving to-night."

"Sir Dunston?"

"Yes. To-day is the anniversary of Madeline's birthday."

"Madeline?" the girl echoed wonderingly. "Cordelia, who was Madeline?"

"She was Dunston's wife, my dear."

"Sir Dunston's wife!" Rosalie gave a little gasp of astonishment. "I did not know Sir Dunston had ever had a wife. And is she dead?"

"She had been dead more than ten years ago—it was just ten years ago the night Dermot found you and brought you here. It is eleven years ago to-day since they were married, and it chanced that it was her birthday, too."

"Then," said Rosalie, after a little pause, she died before they had been married quite a year!"

"Yes," Cordelia assented sadly. "I will tell you all about it if you like, Rosalie—it is what I meant this afternoon when I spoke of Dunston's great sorrow."

Rosalie sank down upon her knees on the rug, and, with her blue eyes raised questioningly to the fair sad face, listened attentively.

With her hand laid caressingly on the girl's golden head, Cordelia was silent for a few moments. When she spoke it was in a low dreamy tone, and her eyes were fixed with a far away look upon the slowly whitening logs of the sinking fire.

"You know we are poor, Rosalie—poor for people of our rank, I mean—and that we have no other home but this. We have been poor for hundreds of years now—we Musgraves—poor, obscure and forgotten! How could we be otherwise with such a fate upon us—such a dreadful fate?"

Withdrawing her gaze from the fire she shuddered and, looking down at Rosalie, saw that the girl had grown pale.

"Oh, Cordelia, what do you mean? What fate?"

"What did I say?" inquired Cordelia hurriedly.

"You said there was a fate upon the Musgraves— a dreadful fate."

"I should not have said it. I have no right; I was forgetting." She paused, passing her hands over her eyes. "Forget that I said it, Rosalie. But no—you have a right to know—you must know. Ask Dunston, Rosalie."

"But what?" queried the girl timidly, shrinking close to her companion. "I don't understand, Cordelia—ask Sir Dunston what?"

"Ask him to tell you the legend of White Towers," answered Cordelia slowly. "No, better than that—ask him to give it to you that you may read it for yourself. And then, Rosalie"—bending forward, her great dark eyes shining with a weird brilliancy—"then you will see what your coming to White Towers as you did means to us. And when you understand—oh, save us then, my dear, save us!"

Cordelia's head had sunk down upon her hands, and she sobbed aloud. Awed, amazed, and wondering, Rosalie crouched down beside her, unable to utter a single word. For a long time both were silent, while the fading logs grew whiter, the rising wind moaned about the old turrets, and a flickering candle sank guttering down into its socket.

The face which Miss Musgrave presently raised from her hands was so drawn and haggard and wild that from sheer pity Rosalie spoke, placing her arm about Cordelia's drooping neck, and trying to make her voice sound easy and light.

"You were going to tell me about Madeline, Cordelia. Won't you tell me now? You have made me so curious. How did she die, poor girl—not a year after her wedding day?"

"She broke her heart, my dear!"

"How? Why?"

"I will tell you. You know our mother—Dunston's, Durward's, and mine—died because our father was hard, because she had never really loved him, and because fear and dread slowly killed her. Our father went abroad directly afterwards, and in less than a year brought home another wife—a young, bright, pretty American girl—Dermot's mother. She was not like us, for she laughed at the legend, I have heard Dunston say, jested at the notion of our fate, and gaily declared that she defied it. She was not strong enough to defy it. Our father was very stern, as I said, and as he grew older he grew harder and harsher. She began to droop, and died when Dermot was not quite two years old. Our father soon followed, and we were left we three younger ones, alone at White Towers, with only Dunston, old Dan and Margery to care for us."

Cordelia paused, but Rosalie urged her on with a soft inquiring "Yes!"

"I think it was because Dunston was so much the elder—he is eleven years older than Durward, you know—because he was so used to taking care of us, and partly because even then, at less than thirty, he was so grave and quiet, staying nearly always at home, busy with his studies, much as he is now, that we never once thought of his marrying. But one spring, nearly twelve years ago now, he was invited, by almost the only man who he had ever made a friend, to go and stay with him at his place in Yorkshire. He went, knowing that he could leave us safely, for I was in the care of my prim middle-aged governess, and there was a tutor to look after the boys. He was a young man, very gay and bright and handsome, a favorite with all of us; his name was George Percival."

"And so Sir Dunston went away and fell in love with Madeline?" prompted Rosalie, as Cordelia paused again.

"Yes, my dear, she was his friend's sister, Madeline Ormsby, and very beautiful. Within a few months he married her and brought her home here. He worshipped her, but she did not love him Rosalie. He hoped, poor fellow, I am sure he did, that in spite of everything his wife might live a happy life here. How could he think it? He did not know that she had been forced to marry him, and that, while she only liked him, she loved another man, whom her parents had dismissed because he was nobody, and very poor besides! She came home here, Rosalie, and saw him, for it was George Percival!"

Rosalie uttered a pitying cry; Cordelia touched her lips, and hurried on rapidly:

"She had been told lies about him by her parents—told that he was base, false, and unworthy—I cannot tell what. It was untrue, and when they met and found it out that she was Dunston's wife. You must not misjudge them Rosalie. They had been most cruelly deceived and separated, but they were both true. George Percival left White Towers, and Dermot has never had a tutor since. Madeline drooped and pined more and more every day; Dunston found out the reason, and it broke his heart, for he seemed to become a gray old man all at once. She was dead in less than a year, and Dunston has been what he is now ever since, poor fellow!"

Cordelia had risen with the last words, and stood with her head pensively drooping.

Rosalie slipped her slender arms about her friend's waist. Her eyes were wet and she knew that there were tears in Cordelia's eyes.

"Dear Cordelia," she whispered gently, "I am almost sorry now that I asked you to tell me. It is so sad for you, dear. Poor Madeline—poor Sir Dunston! I—oh—what is that? What is it?

The girl shrieked and clung to Cordelia with wildly dilating eyes, for never had she heard such a fearful cry as that which now broke the silence of the night.

A terrible shriek, three times repeated, rang out, piercing and shrill over the White Towers, and then it died away in a long-drawn melancholy wail.

Cordelia clutched Rosalie tightly, her eyes fixed on the girl's blanched face.

Again the awful triple scream rang out, again it died away in a moan; and she spoke in a low thrilling voice, with panting breath and quivering lips.

"Listen, Rosalie—do you hear it? Do you know what it is? Our curse, Rosalie, our curse; and no one can save us but you. There—again!" she cried, sinking on her knees with a moan. "Horrible! My dear my dear, it is our curse, the weird of the White Towers!"

* * * * * *

Rosalie Redferne walked slowly down the turret stairs the next morning, and entering the hall of the eastern tower on her way to the breakfast room looked very different from the girl who during the past month had tripped about briskly and gaily through the White Towers.

There were dark shadows under her blue eyes, and her usually pink cheeks were almost as white as the ruffle of lace round her throat.

She had scarcely any sleep, and now paid the penalty of her wakeful and restless and wakeful night with a headache.

Half way across the hall she came to a halt, for some one who had been staring out one of the narrow windows came quickly.

"Good morning, Miss Redferne," said Dermont rather bashfully.

He had been waiting there for her for the past ten minutes and was rather ashamed of it.

In her delight at seeing one so strong and fearless, the girl stretched out her little hand to him eagerly as she returned his greeting.

His strong fingers closed over hers warmly; the touch of her soft white hand was something new to him, something sweet and wonderful—a revelation which at once puzzled, awed and delighted him.

He had never noticed before how golden her hair was, and how blue her eyes—he had never noticed what a sweet fair winning little creature she was. He loosened her hand but did not let it go, as he asked abruptly:

"What's the matter?"

"With me?" faltered Rosalie.

"Yes. Why are your cheeks so white? You are paler than Cordelia."

"I know," she said with a shudder. "I was frightened."

"Frightened?"

"Yes—last night."

"Did you hear it?"

Dermot released her fingers, his brown cheek paled a little; he looked strangely disconcerted.

Rosalie clasped her hands together and laid them upon his arm.

"Then you heard it too! It was real!" she cried. "I have been trying to believe this morning that I had a horrible dream—that it was only fancy. But it must be all true and real if you heard it too! Oh, Dermot, tell me what it is—what does it mean! Whose is that awful voice, and why does it shriek over White Towers?"

Dermot hesitated, looking down at her, and putting his hand gently over hers. He would have replied to her, but just then the door in the panelled wall opened, and Durward Musgrave appeared. He looked at the two young people standing there, and although they had instantly moved a pace apart, his glance was too swift for them and he turned deathly pale.

He did not speak a word, but wheeled round upon his heel, crossed to the door which opened upon the passage leading to the breakfast-room, and disappeared.

Gurth and Lady had come bounding in with Durward from the kitchen, and, frisking joyously round their master, and boisterously greeting Rosalie, they effectively put a stop to all further tragic questioning. Indeed, Dermot began to speak quite coolly—not as he would have spoken before that walk in the park the day before, and the soft clinging hand-clasp just now, but bluntly and curtly enough, for all that.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ORIGIN OF QUOTATIONS.—Campbell found that "Coming events cast their shadows before," and "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

To Milton we owe "The paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets and "Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness."

Dryden says "None but the brave deserve the fair," "Men are but children of a larger growth,' and "Through thick and thin."

Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brothers in a less public way, "Love me little, love me long."

Johnson tells us of "A good hater," and Mcintosh, in 1701, the phrase often attributed to John Randolph, "Wise and masterly inactivity."

Thomas Tusser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us, "It's an ill wind turns no good," "Better late than never." "Look ere thou leap" "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss."

"First in war, first in peace, and first in the heart of his fellow citizens" (not his country) appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives, in December, prepared by General Henry Lee.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE SEA.—The Pythagoreans held that the sea was made salt by the tears of Kronos, father of Zeus, and the Hebraic explanation is somewhat similar, though more poetic, namely, that the salt came from the tears of fallen angels. The hot springs were also said to have been caused by these same tears.

WORDING OF DEEDS.—In the wording of an old deed a certain boundary line was described queerly as terminating at "a stump where Daniel Harrington licked William Jones." This reminds a down-east editor of the *Green Bag* that in the early days of the township of North Hatfield, Mass., a road was described as "running from Pochang meadow to the stream where old Mr. Doolittle's horse died."

AT TABLE.—It is said that the Persians were the first who engaged artistic experts especially to arrange these couches; and that on one occasion Artaxerxes presented his friend Timagoras, the Cretan, with a tent of great size and beauty, and a couch with silver feet, with an accompanying message saying: "I send you, O Timagoras, the couch and coverlets and a servant to arrange them, as this is a matter the Greeks know not of." It is related of this same Cretan, that he had so completely secured the favor of the Persian king, that the latter invited him to a banquet of the royal family, an honor never before paid to any Greek.

THE WERE-WOLF.—Were-wolf (man-wolf), according to a superstition prevalent in the middle ages, was an odd person who had the power of transforming himself into a wolf, retaining all his human intelligence while taking on the ferocity of a beast of prey, and the strength of a demon. It was usually held that when the were-wolf wore his human shape the hair grew inward; and the metamorphosis was affected by turning himself inside out. Many of the poor wretches who in the middle ages who were broken on the wheel for this madness were first partially flayed alive in search for their inner coating of hair. Sometimes the person was thought to possess a wolf-skin into which he crept. The superstition may be traced back to the most ancient times.

AS TO SELF-MURDER.—Drunkards and people who are tired of life and worn out with its miseries take to hanging; those to whom family misfortunes have made life unendurable choose drowning. Last year July was the suicidal month in Paris, and it is considered a noteworthy fact that the suicides have increased since the establishment of the fete on the 14th of that month. At Plymouth a man named Jolly tied his feet and hands together, and then threw himself into the water, having previously announced his intention of committing suicide in that particular way. A Parisian grisette filled her small bedroom with flowers, and when her mother went to call her in the morning she found her dead. This young creature understood vegetable physiology and chemistry. Professor Morselli, who has made a special study of this subject, says it is not true that suicide is more frequent "in damp, cloudy and dark weather, such as helps the development of melancholy passion."

THE PALM TREE.—Among the Indians of Brazil there is a tradition that the whole human race sprang from a palm tree. It has been a symbol of excellence for things good and beautiful. Among the ancients it was an emblem of victory, and as such, was worn by the early Christian martyrs, and was found sculptured on their tombs. Certain trees, said to have been propagated from some originally planted by the Prophet's daughter are held sacred and the fruit sold at enormous prices. The books relating to the religion of Buddha, was nearly of all them written upon the leaves of the Fan Palm, and by missionaries they have been used in the place of paper. The noble aspect of this tree, together with its surpassing utility has caused it to be called "the prince of the vegetable kingdom," and it has been immortalized in history, mythology and poetry.

CLERMONT MILLS village, near Baltimore, has a Rosalind and Celia case, with sensational modern frills. It has just come to light that Miss Catherine Beall and Miss Hannah Colder, two friends, were recently married to each other. Miss Catherine is pretty and vivacious, and her motive in consenting to such a ceremony is a mystery. Miss Colder, it is said, wore an ulster on the evening of the marriage, and Father Frederick took her to be a man. She is 35 years of age, slim, and wears her hair short.

PRESENTIMENTS.

BY J. I. S.

Smile on me, dearest—all my soul is stirred;
My heart is heavy with a brooding pain,
And sad presentiments, like the lone sea-bird,
Flit through the airy chambers of my brain.

The dim forebodings of a coming ill,
Like phantom sorrows, from the darkness start,
And cold and heavy, with a ghastly chill,
They fling their nameless shadows on my heart.

Smile on me, dearest—I am sad to-night;
My soul is struggling with a vague unrest,
And, like a flower that feels the autumn blight,
It folds its trembling petals in my breast.

And, dear one, when your songs are full of gladness
A wailing echo trembles to my ears,
And with its passion-pulse of warning sadness
O'erwhelms my spirit in prophetic fears.

Shadowed by Fate.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE GLOOM," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX—(CONTINUED.)

MR. STAPLESON looked at her fixedly. The tone of her speaking voice combined with that which he had heard of her singing voice attracted his attention.

"Perhaps," he said. "But that remains to be seen. But to come to the business that brought me here. Paul, Miss Alfrede is a nuisance!"

Paul bowed slightly.

"A nuisance!" repeated Mr. Stapleson emphatically. "You know my agreement with her—that she should sing at the Lyric and any other theatre I mentioned?"

"Yes, sir," said Paul.

"Well, Paul, I've had an offer for her to sing at a private house—the Duke of Rosedale's, you know!"

Paul bowed, though he did not know.

"The Duke of Rosedale's!" repeated Mr. Stapleson in an important voice, "and Alfrede refuses!—actually refuses! Says she has a sore throat. But you and I know what that means, Paul! It means that she has a sore temper, Paul; nothing more nor less. Now I'm in a fix! I agreed that you and she should perform at Rosedale House; you to play the violin, she to sing; but if she declines we shall be in a hole! What do you say?"

Paul had said nothing, and Mr. Stapleson continued:

"I just looked in to tell you. The party is to-morrow afternoon, and you'd better play that sonata of Beethoven's, and Gounod's 'Ave Maria;' you do them very well, you know."

Paul bowed.

"I'll write to the duchess to-morrow morning, and tell her Miss Alfrede is ill, though, of course, she'll see that she plays the same night, and won't believe me! But I can't help it. Been to the Lyric, Miss Howard?"

Iris replied in the negative.

"Ah, well, any time you like to look in, we shall be happy to see you. We're doing very well just now, eh, Paul? Bring Miss Howard some night, and I'll tell the box-keeper to give her a box."

Iris thanked him, and the manager stood looking round the room with his shrewd, comprehensive glance.

"By the way," he said, "I interrupted you in your song. Very sorry. Perhaps you'll sing it again. I'm fond of music, and don't get too much of it, though I'm at it all day, eh, Paul? Come, Miss Howard, kindly oblige me."

Iris hesitated. She was not a nervous singer; but to sing before this self-assertive stranger was not altogether pleasant to her; but Paul whispered, "Do, Mabel!" so earnestly, that without a word she went to the piano and sang the song.

Mr. Stapleson said "Hem!" when she had finished, and "Thank you."

Operatic managers do not express their approval very readily, and are never very enthusiastic, for obvious reasons; but Paul knew the man, and knew what the "Hem!" meant, and that the manager was as amazed and delighted as he himself had been.

"Ah," said Mr. Stapleson; "very pretty! Ever sung in public, Miss Howard?"

"No, I have never sung in public," said Iris.

He nodded.

"You've had good teaching, too; and you have got a nice voice."

He was silent a moment, then he looked up suddenly.

"I tell you what—I don't know whether you'll care about it—but I've got a proposal to make."

Iris waited, surprised and slightly amused.

"Hem, yes. You see, I'm rather in a fix about the duchess's reception to-morrow, and—what do you say to going in Alfredo's place?"

"I?" said Iris amazed, while Paul flushed and uttered an exclamation of delight.

Mr. Stapleson nodded.

"Took you by surprise, eh?" he said. "Don't mind my abruptness; it's my way. I never could shilly shally and dilly dally. Go at a thing at once, sink or swim! That's been my motto, Miss Howard, and I have not done so badly; eh, Paul? You've got a very nice voice, very nice voice, indeed, and just the voice for a drawing-room—refined and ladylike, and all that; and if you care to go with Paul to Ormonde House to-morrow, why, say so. I'll act squarely by you. Miss Alfrede would have taken a five-pound note for the performance, and I'll give you the same."

Five pounds a few weeks ago would have seemed a very small sum to Iris Knighton, the heiress to a millionaire; but five pounds to Mabel Howard, who was nearing the bottom of her purse, appeared in a very different light.

But to sing at the Duchess of Rosedale's!

She did not know the duchess, but the party would doubtless be a large one, and would consist of the creme de la creme of London society; would she not be certain to meet some one of the people who had known her in happier days?

Paul and the manager watched her, as pale and troubled she stood hesitating with downcast eyes.

"Say 'yes,' Mabel!" murmured Paul eagerly. "It will only be two songs; will it not, Mr. Stapleson?"

"Only two, yes."

"And it is not like singing at a theatre. Oh, Mabel, say yes! I shall be so proud and pleased!"

Iris laid her hand very gently on his shoulder.

"Thank you, sir," she said. "Yes, I will go."

"That's right," said Mr. Stapleson approvingly. "Pon my word, I thought you were going to be foolish enough to refuse! I don't want to blow my own trumpet, but I can tell you, Miss Howard, that I know fifty young ladies who would jump out of their shoes at the offer I've made you. It isn't the money, you know, by no means, it's the honor of the thing. It isn't everybody who gets the chance of singing at Ormonde House!"

"Thank you, I am very much obliged!" said Iris in a low voice. "And what shall I sing?"

"Just what you like," he said.

"Then I will sing Paul's song!" said Iris at once.

Paul's face flushed gratefully.

"Right!" said the manager. "And it's very pretty, too. Hem!"

He paused and pondered for a moment, turning the largest diamond ring on his finger.

"By the way, Paul, put that song down to me, will you? I'll give you the market price, you know."

Paul's face grew redder, and while he stammered his thanks, the manager drew out his pocket-book and abstracted a five-pound note.

"Here is your fee, Miss Howard. Never sung in public, I think you said?"

"Never," said Iris.

"Hem! Well, I shan't go from my word, though really some ladies would give me double that sum for the permission to appear at Ormonde House; but we won't say any more about that!" as Iris colored and almost laid the five pound note on the table again. "Supposing now," he said as he drew on his gloves; "supposing you should think of going on the stage ——"

Iris shook her head.

"I should never think of it," she said in a low voice.

He eyed her curiously.

"Hem! Ah! Well, you never can tell, you know. After all, it isn't such a bad life—when you're successful, eh, Paul? Plenty of hard work, no doubt, but plenty of money, too. We know some who make a good thing of it, don't we, Paul?"

Paul nodded.

"I was telling Miss Howard, Mr. Stapleson," he said.

The manager looked from one to the other with his sharp eyes.

"Well, you can believe all he says, Miss Howard, for Master Paul is as straight as an arrow, I'll say that for him! And if you should think of joining the profession, why, I suppose you'd think yourself in honor bound to come to me first, eh?"

Iris smiled and murmured some thing.

"Right!" he exclaimed, "a word's enough between a lady and gentleman, and if I'm any judge of people—and they say I am, eh, Paul?—you'll come to me before very long. Five o'clock to-morrow, Paul. You know the house, Grosvenor Square, you know; anybody will tell you. Here's my card to present. Don't forget to give us a look in at the Lyric, Miss Howard. Good-morning," and with a sweep of his white beaver hat, and a low stage bow, Mr. Stapleson disappeared.

Before he had got to the bottom of the stairs, Iris regretted what she had done, and had half moved across the room to follow him, and withdraw from her engagement, but Paul clung to her arm.

"Oh, Mabel, Mabel!" he exclaimed, his eyes dancing, his face flushed with delight and pride, "doesn't it seem like a dream; am I really awake? Just think of it! That he should come in and hear you sing the very first time you had sung to me, and that Miss Alfrede should refuse to go to-morrow. Was there ever anything so lucky? The Duchess of Rosedale's, too; why, Mabel, I daresay all the best people in London will be there, the sort of people who come to the stalls at the Lyric! And they'll hear you sing! And didn't you see how struck Mr. Stapleson was with your voice?"

"Was he, Paul?" said Iris, with a smile, that was more sad than mirthful; "he did not seem to admire it very much."

"Ah, but that is his way," said Paul eagerly; "he always says 'Hem,' when he's pleased, and when he ain't, well"—he paused significantly—"he says so plainly. And he was very pleased, and no wonder. Oh, Mabel, and to think that I am going with you!"

"I was wondering whether you had forgotten yourself entirely, as usual," said Iris affectionately.

"Oh, I am nobody," he said flushing; "I am very glad, yes; it's a great thing for me, but I am glad because I am going with you."

"Your sister, Paul," said Iris, smiling.

The boy's face grew sad, and a strange look came into his eyes.

"I wish you were," he said softly. "But Mabel, about the songs. What will you sing besides mine? How good of you to think of singing it! And he has bought it, too! Ah, he would not have done so, or thought it worth anything if he had not heard you sing it, Mabel. Your voice would make any trash sound good."

"And your voice will make me vain, if you don't take care," said Iris. "Depend upon it, Paul, that your song will prove a success, to-morrow, and the people will think more of that than my poor voice. But I must run away now and see about my dress."

"Ah," he said. "I suppose you will want an evening dress? Shall you make ——"

Iris shook her head.

"No, Paul, it is an afternoon 'at home,' and ladies wear morning dresses and bonnets."

"Ah, you know; you have been to them!" he said gently, but shrewdly.

Iris colored.

"I know that is right!" she said. "You must look me out a song; I will sing anything you choose," and she turned off to her own room.

The dress was a more difficult matter, indeed, than the song, for Paul had plenty of the latter from which she could choose, while of the former she had only two, the one she had worn when she fled from Knighton, and another of plain black merino, she had bought.

She had never made a bonnet or, in fact done nothing in the way of millinery in her life, but she had often watched Felice at work, and she thought that she could, with the aid of some lace and fresh ribbons, retrim the bonnet and dress, and make them at any rate, presentable.

She had changed the five-pound note in buying the lace and ribbon, and a pair of lavender gloves, and spent the evening in Paul's room at work, and practising the songs.

Long into the night she lay awake, thinking of the strange chance which had fallen to her; at one time regarding it a pretty good fortune, at another shrinking from the ordeal, and half resolved to send word to the manager in the morning that she could not go.

But at a few minutes before five o'clock; she and Paul stood in the vast hall of Ormonde House, and delivered Mr. Stapleson's card to a footman in so gorgeous and overpowering a livery that Paul, accustomed to brilliant costumes as he was, could not take his eyes off him.

The footman glanced at the card, and then at Iris. She had drawn a veil over her face, and still kept it down, but the experienced eyes of the footman detected the lady, in her figure and manner, and he said quite respectfully,—

"Quite right, miss; come this way if you please."

They followed him up the great stairs into a small ante-room to the drawing-room or saloon, and, indicating a lounge, he asked them to be seated.

"I will tell her grace you have come," he said. "Shall I bring you some wine or coffee?"

Iris declined with thanks, but Paul was too overwhelmed by the magnificence of the place to utter a word.

At last he crept a little nearer Iris, and whispered,—

"What a splendid place, Mabel! I—I didn't think there were such rooms as this in a house! Why, it is as large as a theatre! And all this velvet and plush and gold fringe. Mabel I feel half afraid."

Iris's own heart was beating wildly, but from a very different cause, and she pressed his hand encouragingly.

"You will forget all the grandeur and finery directly you begin to play, Paul," she said, in a low voice. "Try and think that you are in your place in the orchestra at the theatre, or better still, sitting on the hearthrug at home and playing to me."

"Yes, that would be better!" he murmured.

The adjoining saloon had been empty until now, excepting for the footmen, who were noiselessly gliding about, arranging the tables and chairs; but as Iris spoke, one of the servants threw open a door, and a tall lady, of little more than middle age, swept into the room with a quick yet graceful step.

She was plainly but handsomely dressed, and even if Iris had not remembered seeing her photograph, she would have known her to be the Duchess of Rosedale.

The lounge upon which they sat was placed near the opening between the two rooms, and Paul, in his timidity, had gradually got nearer and nearer the heavy plush curtains, so that he was almost hidden.

The duchess stood in the centre of the saloon and looked round, then came towards the ante-chamber.

As she approached, Iris raised her veil and stood up.

The duchess looked surprised for a moment, then came forward and held out her hand.

"Oh, I did not know that anyone had come yet!" she said, with a charming little smile.

Iris saw that she was mistaken for one of the visitors, and bowed. As she did so, a footman hurried up and presented Mr. Stapleson's card to the duchess.

She looked at it, and from it to Iris with a slight elevation of her eyebrows.

"Oh, Mr. Stapleson's people. Of course, yes," she said. "Let me see—Miss Alfrede, I think?"

Iris was about to correct her, but the duchess went on:

"It is very kind of you to come and sing for us, Miss Alfrede. I hope the people won't talk too much. It is very stupid, but they always will chatter, won't they? And this is——"

She paused and looked at Paul with a kindly smile as he slipped off the lounge and bowed.

"Paul Foster, your grace," said Iris.

As she spoke the duchess looked at her quickly; the refined tones of the voice had evidently surprised her.

"Oh, yes, Paul Foster," she said, still looking at Iris. "He plays the violin, does he not? Well, if we talk while you are playing you must play loudly—and then I suppose we shall shout, for we all dearly love to hear our own voices," and she laughed.

Raising her hand she brought a footman to her side.

"Bring some coffee, please," she said, then with a gracious bow she glided into the next room.

"Mabel, a duchess is not so very awful after all!" whispered Paul. "Why, she spoke to us as simply as if she were Mrs. Barker!"

Iris smiled. The could have told Paul that the higher the rank the simpler the manner, but the visitors were entering the saloon and she drew back behind the curtains and watched in silence and with an anxiety that made her heart beat very wildly.

Would there be anybody amongst the throng who would recognize in "Mr. Stapleson's singer" the Iris Knighton who had been the belle of many a reception such as this?

If she had dared she would have kept her veil down, but she arranged it on her bonnet so that it shadowed her face as much as possible.

Every now and then she heard names which were well known to the world, and Paul's blue eyes grew as large as saucers as people so famous that even he had heard of them, were seen moving about the saloon and chatting and laughing just like ordinary mortals.

Presently two ladies—one middle-aged; the other a young girl—crossed the room and seated themselves on a lounge so close to the opening into the ante-chamber and the curtains which concealed Iris that she could hear every word of their conversation.

"The duchess has quite a crowd this afternoon," said one of them. "Everybody seems here! Isn't that Mrs. Vavasor? I thought she had run away with Captain Harding?"

"Not yet," responded the other with a laugh. "Look! the duchess has only given her one finger. There is little Lord Fordingbridge; doesn't look as if he could have done all those wonderful things in Egypt, does he? I wonder why all the great generals are such small men?"

"I like small men myself," said the young lady, bowing and smiling across the room to the great little military hero. "Here comes Lady Blount; do fill up the seat, or she will join us. I do hate that woman! Ah, dear Lady Blount!" she went on in the same breath but with the most affectionate tones. "Won't you come and sit down? No? Has Julia come with you? I don't see her! No? I am sorry! I had looked forward to meeting her here so much!" Then, before her ladyship had got scarcely out of hearing,—"What a relief! Really, I don't think I am more intolerant and disagreeable than other people, but I can't stand that woman and her red-headed daughter! Have you heard the latest about the new beauty?"

Here the two heads went close together and Iris was fortunately deprived of the latest delicious scandal.

"We are to have some music, are we not, duchess?" said the first lady, as her grace passed them.

The duchess nodded and smiled.

"Yes, I have got some music for you,—Miss Alfrede, from the Lyric. But there is something better than that. He is coming,—at least, he promised me!"

"Not ——?"

Iris lost the name, for several people were talking rather loudly near her, and coffee cups were clinking.

The duchess nodded an assent ant passed on, and the young lady turned to her friend with an exclamation of interest, and even excitement.

"Do you really think it is true?" she said. "Do you really think he is coming? I should doubt it; it seems too good to be true."

"I don't know why he shouldn't; indeed, I don't know anything about him. Who is he?"

"Ah, I forgot you have been away, dear," said the other. "Well, he is our latest sensation, and we are all mad about him!"

"But why?" asked the elder lady with a little yawn.

"Well, because he is not at all mad about us, for one and the principal reason," said the first, laughing. "But really, my dear, you must have been living in a wilderness, not to have heard of the wealthiest and by many degrees best parti of the season. You

see, he has come upon us so suddenly, like—what was the name of the heathen god who descended on tip-toe?—I am so very bad at classics! He only came into the money—there are heaps and heaps of it!—quite lately, and in the most romantic manner! And he is not only rich, but as handsome as—as—oh, he is really very good-looking. We are, as I said, half mad about him, and the tiresome man doesn't care a button for the best of us!"

"Rich, handsome, and sensible! No wonder he is a sensation!"

Her companion laughed.

"How sarcastic you have grown. I must use that as my own; it is so very good,—'rich, handsome,—and sensible!' But it isn't quite true, though; for no man is sensible who is in love, is he, dear?"

"You ought to know!" retorted the other. "But you said just now that he would have nothing to say to any of you!"

"Neither will he: That's just it! He is not in love with anyone in our set; in fact, no one knows who the girl is. But there is somebody, for certain! You would think he had lost a fortune instead of having just come in for one, and he is as absent and pre-occupied as a prince: indeed, people say it is as difficult to get him as it is the Prince himself. I'll be bound if he comes here this afternoon, he won't stay ten minutes; and all the time he is here he will look round the room as if he were searching for something, and if you talk to him, he will look over your head, or right beyond you as if he could see through!"

"I'm quite anxious to see your rara avis!" said the other laughing. "I expect he will turn out a very ordinary kind of individual, after all! I have seen so many heroes, my dear!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the girl. "He has come! Here he is! Now then, was I not right in one instance? Isn't he good-looking enough?"

"Yes, he is handsome," replied the elder lady, after a moment or two; "and better than handsome; there is something of the prince about him, as you said. That young man has got some secret trouble on his mind!"

"Exactly!" she exclaimed. "I am enchanted at your agreeing with me! Some secret trouble! That is just what I say. And see, he is looking round the room exactly as I told you he would do! He scarcely listens to the duchess. Do you see the little sensation his entrance has caused? Oh, dear, I wish he'd come up and ask me to share his million or two!" and she heaved a mock sigh.

Iris looked round the curtain, but the new arrival of whom the girl had raved was out of her range of view, and she drew back again.

"I give him just ten minutes," said the girl. "Look, he is edging towards the door already; presently you'll see him disappear!"

At this moment a footman came up to the corner.

"Her grace's compliments, and will the young gentleman play, please?" he said kindly.

Paul rose very pale and trembling slightly.

Iris had arranged to play the piano accompaniment to him, and she rose, and putting her hand on his arm more to encourage him by her touch, led him rather than was led into the saloon.

The piano stood a few paces from where they had sat, and with downcast eyes she reached it quickly and unnoticed, save by those who happened to be near the instrument.

"Mabel," whispered poor Paul, as he stood beside her, "I am so nervous that I can scarcely hold the bow! Why is it?"

She gave him a steady, encouraging look, and struck the key note, and at the sound the boy's nerves settled themselves instantly, and he began to play as firmly and unhesitatingly as usual.

The crowd was somewhat silent for a second or two, then went on talking and laughing as hard as ever.

But Paul neither heard nor heeded them.

He was deaf and insensible to all but his beloved music, but presently the power of his genius began to tell.

The noise grew less and less, and then died out altogether, and the sight was presented of a throng of great people standing silent and wrapt before the little cripple, who was, in one thing, greater than all of them put together.

When he had finished, and the long-sustained harmony of the last note floated away, a murmur of applause and gratification rose and reached him.

With a startled look he seemed to awake, and, flushing hotly, shrank nearer to Iris.

"Bravo, Paul!" she whispered.

A footman came up. Her grace's compliments, and would the young gentleman play again, please?

"You must play again, Paul!" whispered Mabel.

As she spoke she raised her eyes and saw a lady whom she knew quite well standing near her.

The lady turned and looked at her, and Iris's heart sank with dread and foreboding, but the lady's eye gave no sign of recognition, and she passed on.

Iris drew a breath of relief, and held her head low over the piano as she played Paul's accompaniment.

His second piece drew forth a sharp, sudden burst of applause, and as he shrank back, he whispered:

"Sing now, Mabel, while they are in the humor; don't wait."

Iris scarcely knew whether she ought to do so without being commanded, but, longing to get the thing over and escape, she played the prelude of Paul's song and began to sing.

The people had begun to talk again, and there was so much noise that the first notes were swallowed up in the chatter; but presently those near the piano grew silent.

Others followed their example, and in a stillness that was even more intense than that which had been accorded Paul, Iris's exquisite voice rose and filled the saloon.

Paul, a musician, had been surprised at her singing, but this crowd of fashionable butterflies was astounded.

"Who is she?" ran from lip to lip; "Miss Alfrede?" "Nonsense, that's not Miss Alfrede, I know her well: the Lyric singer That is not Miss Alfrede! who can she be?" "What a magnificent voice!" "By Jove, the duchess has made a discovery indeed!" "Where's she come from? Nobody seems to have seen her before!"

These were fragments which reached Iris's ears, and quivering with suppressed excitement, but outwardly calm and self possessed, she rose to leave the piano, but as she did so, the duchess came up to her.

"Thank you very much," she said; "that was a very charming song, beautifully sung."

"It was composed by Mr. Paul Foster," said Iris quickly.

The duchess looked at Paul.

"Yes! He is very young to compose so admirably," she said.

"Mozart was young, your grace," said Iris, in a low voice.

The duchess looked at her curiously, for in her eagerness to befriend Paul, Iris had forgotten her assumed role, and spoke as to an equal.

"That is true," said the duchess. "Your young friend has a great future before him, Miss Alfrede, and you, also, unless I am very much mistaken," and she smiled graciously. "You have set all my friends talking about you. Will you sing again, please?"

Iris went back to the piano, and Paul placed the song on the rack for her.

"Oh, Mabel," he whispered, "such a success! If you could only hear them! Let them wait a minute or two—play a long prelude. Oh, Mabel, Mabel, I am so happy!"

Iris smiled at him gratefully, and touched the keys with her fingers softly. As she did so she heard the duchess say to someone who had just come up,—

"I am so glad you have come in time. Beautiful voice, has she not? I am doubly fortunate this afternoon."

The gentleman made some response, and the duchess, as she moved away, said,—

"The best testimony to the excellence of the music is the fact that it has kept you from running away."

Then Iris began to sing.

Paul had chosen Sullivan's "Will he come?" and the people listened spellbound as the plaintive melody rose and floated through the room.

It was a favorite song of Iris's, and she sang it with all the expression which only a woman of culture who had suffered, and can sympathize with suffering, can give to a song.

The tears stood in Paul's eyes, and turning his back to the audience he fixed them on her beautiful face.

She was so absorbed that she had forgotten everything, even her dread of recognition, and she was in the middle of the last verse, her eyes upraised when one person of the great crowd moved slowly and gently behind the piano.

Almost unconsciously Iris's eyes followed him, and in an instant the note died upon her lips, and she sat stricken dumb, and white as death.

For before her, so close that by stretching out her hand she could touch him, stood the man she loved, the man to whom she had surrendered her old home, the wealth and place she had thought hers—Heron Coverdale!

For a second—ah; but it seemed an age to her!—their eyes met, and silence locked her lips; then, with a mighty effort which seemed to break her heart, she summoned all her strength, and, before the audience could scarcely feel the thrill of dismay at her breakdown, she took up the note she had dropped and sang the song to the end.

Then, as she rose, white and trembling, she saw that he was close at her elbow, so close that she could almost feel his breath upon her cheek, and that his eyes were fixed on her face with an eagerness and anxiety unspeakable.

CHAPTER XX.

A LOUD murmur of curiosity and applause ran through the room; people were pressing forward to the piano to catch a glimpse of the tall young lady whose voice had thrilled and moved the languid crowd of fashion as it was seldom thrilled or moved.

But Iris neither saw nor heard anyone but the man at her side,—the man to whom she had surrendered Knighton Revels and the Knighton million.

Other persons also were looking at him, for his handsome face had gone very pale, and there was an anxious, eager look in his eyes which was attracting attention. Iris turned her back towards him and caught Paul's arm.

"Let us go now, Paul," she murmured almost inaudibly.

Then Lord Coverdale bent forward.

"Miss Knighton," he said in a low, unsteady voice; "will you let me speak to you a moment,—one word only?" he pleaded.

Forcing her eyes to meet his, though only for a second, she said in a low but audible voice,—

"That is not my name. My name is Mabel Howard!"

A quick flush suffused his face.

"Call yourself what you please, but listen to me!" and his voice sounded almost harsh and stern in its intensity.

Before she could reply the duchess came up, and after glancing at Lord Coverdale rather curiously, said,—

"Oh, Miss Alfrede are you going? I was about to ask you if you would favor us with another song; we were all charmed with you beautiful voice. Lord Coverdale, I am sure you will second my entreaties."

He remained silent and bent his eyes on the ground.

"I—please excuse me," murmured Iris, pale and trembling, "I am very tired!"

Now duchesses are not accustomed to meet with refusals to any kind of requests, and though her grace of Rosedale was one of the most good-natured of women, she was rather surprised and a little taken aback at getting a polite refusal from an actress, as she thought Iris, to so natural a request.

"Certainly I will excuse you," she said. "Pray rest and take some refreshments before you go!" and she glided away with that serene hauteur which is one of the most pointed forms of a rebuke from such personages.

Paul had gathered his music together, and a little frightened and dismayed by the applause—the sensation she had created, and more than all, by the duchess's evident displeasure and Mabel's agitation, he limped into the ante-room.

Iris, still with her hand upon his arm, followed him; Lord Heron took a step as if to accompany them, but at that moment a thin, cracked voice said,—

"Hallo, Coverdale! Smitten like the rest of us? How? Just come in to find the tea cold, and the great singer finished. Just my fortune."

The speaker was a little, shrivelled-up old gentleman, as small and wiry as a jockey; his face—yellow as parchment, and close shaven—creased into a thousand wrinkles as he laughed, and the admirably-made wig rose upon his forehead.

It was his grace the Duke of Rosedale.

Lord Heron could not very well push him aside, and his grace stood right between him and the disappearing Iris.

"Quite a sensation, they tell me! Sorry I didn't hear her. Who is she, eh? Hem! Not Miss Alfrede: know her!" and he chuckled. Lord Heron could have willingly have taken the ducal pigmy in his arms and pitched him out of the window, and he did look at him so sternly and coldly that his grace stared, surprised and curious. "What's the matter, Coverdale?" he said; "look quite upset," and he grinned.

Lord Heron forced a smile.

"I was never better in all my life," he said. "You must ask the duchess if you want to know who the young lady is."

"But I have asked her!" retorted his grace; "and she doesn't know,—nobody knows! Jove! I'll go and ask her myself; if her face is as pretty as her voice——"

Lord Heron's face flushed, and he laid his hand on the duke's arm and detained him gently.

The duke looked up at him, and grinned.

"Oh, I see! Poaching on your preserves, eh? Well!" and he shrugged his shoulders, "you young fellows have it all your own way, it's scarcely fair, you known. And how do you like your property? You don't find playing the country squire half so amusing as scuttling round the world in that yacht of yours, I'll be bound. Come and have a cigar and some soda and brandy in my den. The crowd Maria has got this afternoon is worse than ever."

With a sigh, and an anxious glance towards the ante-room, Lord Heron surrendered himself, and they forced their way through the throng, towards the duke's smoking room.

Iris, meanwhile, had hurriedly caught her music together, and drawing Paul's arm within hers, had hastened down the stairs into the hall.

But even the hall was crowded with people waiting for their carriages, and one was compelled to stand back in a recess until the crush diminished.

They were still talking of her, and Paul pressed her hand, to call her attention to them.

"A really beautiful voice," said a lady, who was seated at the stairs close to Iris's feet; "and what is more so refined and cultivated, that goes for so much with me, you know. I wonder who she is? I will ask Stapleson the manager of the Lyric; her discoverer, I suppose?"

"Yes," said her companion with a smile; "we shall see her at the theatre directly. By the way, did you notice that Lord Coverdale made his way to the piano? He looked to me as if he meant to try and speak to her. Rather bad form, wasn't it?"

"Rather?—very!" returned the other; "especially as Lady Lillian's here."

The other lady made a little move.

"Do you really think there is anything between them?" she said.

"Well, they say so. It would be a great thing for Lady Lillian. You know the father, Lord Foyle, is a needy Scotch peer, and Lord Coverdale is one of the wealthiest, if not the wealthiest in the peerage. He is seen about with her a great deal."

"He knew her father" said the other lady, as if in explanation. "Knew him when he—Lord Coverdale—was quite free, you know!"

The other lady smiled.

"Yes, and Lillian Foyle would have nothing to do with him. Now it is different, of course. Mind, I don't say there is anything between them; perhaps it is only the friendship between Lord Coverdale and her father; but you must admit that Lady Lillian is beautiful enough to catch any man, and she has so many advantages in her father being an old friend of Lord Heron's!"

"Just so," assented her companion. "Lord Coverdale has inherited that beautiful Knighton, hasn't he, and under rather romantic circumstances?"

"Oh, very! Someone made way for him,—a girl, I think. Surrendered the property without a word."

"Very kind of her!" responded the other with a laugh. "I wonder why?"

"I don't know," said the first; "nobody knows. But you see the little romance seems to throw an interesting halo round Lord Coverdale's head, and goodness knows he's interesting enough as it is!"

"Hush!" whispered the other. "Here is Lillian Foyle!"

Pale, and trembling with a new emotion, which she would have died rather than acknowledge to be jealousy, Iris turned her head, and saw a tall, fair girl coming from the saloon.

She was not only tall and fair, but very beautiful, with the kind of beauty that suited her name. Tennyson's description, "faultily faultless," would have fitted her exactly.

Though the crush upon the stairs was at its thickest, she made her way, leaning upon the arm of Lord Fordingbridge, as serenely and placidly, as if the way was perfectly clear to her.

Iris looked at the perfect face, with its clearcut lips and child-like eyes, its golden hair and straight, low brows, and her heart ached.

She, then, was the girl who would be mistress of Knighton, and reign at the Revels in her stead? She was Lord Coverdale's future wife, and Lady of Knighton, and she, Iris, was the nameless singer and social outcast.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BEGINNING OF THE FROG.—Any one looking near the mud at the bottom of the clear water will observe a number of the sleekest, brightest and queerest-looking little creatures imaginable.

Common enough they certainly are in their natural haunts at this time of year but none the less interesting on that account.

We will have one of them out for examination. He does not suffer in the least from a short absence from the water.

Not that he seems to like it now that he has been landed, for he lashes about with his tail furiously, and even jerks himself in his struggles some considerable distance with its aid, but this is by way of protest only.

Now he has got on his side and the same tail has betrayed him, for its enormous surface, semi-transparent and delicate in structure, adheres like a sheet of jelly to the paper, anchors the owner in a good position for observation.

One with no previous information as to the nature of the animal before him could not fail to be both interested and no doubt puzzled.

A soft olive-green tinted creature, dotted in the under parts with golden yellow spots; a plump, round-shaped body, only slightly longer than it is broad; no fins or limbs of any sort; a little horny beak and two bright eyes in front, and behind a long wavy tail nearly twice the length of the body.

Even the popular classification of fish, flesh or fowl seems to be at fault.

Inside the outer covering of the little creature a peculiar simple intestine of great length lies coiled up exactly like a watch spring, and it can be seen filled throughout its length with fine mud, composed of the decayed and decaying vegetable matter on which the owner lives.

He has a simple heart like a fish, and, like a fish also, breathes with internal gills. Such is the tadpole in the third month of his existence.

Although this same creature has lived in the water since he was born and has not changed his habits in any important respect, he would not have been recognised a few weeks since for the same animal.

He started life with external gills which developed up to a point at which they jutted out from behind the head at either side in great leaf-like procession.

These then gradually decreased in size until they were at length absorbed, and were succeeded by the internal gill filaments with which the creature now breathes.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON WATER.—"Water is found most everywhere, especially when it rains, as it did the other day, when our cellar was half-full. Jane had to wear father's rubber boots to get the onions for dinner. Onions make your eyes water, and so does horseradish when you eat too much. There is a girl in our school named Waterman. All the boys say, 'Water-man you are,' and then she gets mad. I don't think girls look good when they are mad. Water is used for a good many things. Sailors use it to go to sea on. If there wasn't any ocean, their ships couldn't float, and they would have to stay ashore. Water is good to fire at boys with a squirt, and to catch fishes in. My father caught a big one the other day, and when he hauled it up it was an eel. Nobody could be saved from drowning if there wasn't any water to pull them out of. Water is first-rate to put fires out with. I love to go to fires and see the men at work at the engines. This is all I can think about water now—except the flood."

A FLEA.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

Come back, my love!
The stars above
And the nightwind hear my cry,
But the stars will pale
And the night wind fail
Ere my lover heeds my sigh.

My love, come back!
The night is black,
The silence mocks my moan:
Its lips are dumb,
No answers come
But the mocking echoes blown.

Old Turcan's Wife.

BY J. LANDERS.

CHAPTER II.

THIS had been scarcely done when the leading files of the cabooks appeared in the yard, which was quickly alive with the bushmen and their followers and friends, to the number of perhaps two hundred, the former grunting with satisfaction as they laid the tusks of ivory in a line on the sand.

The chief men of the cabooks were then taken by Antonio Bowman into the cargo-room and shown all the goods it contained.

After this a drink of rum was poured out for every man.

The oldest and most wary men of the cabooks were drafted to the front, and a start was made to trade for a prime tusk.

Old Turcan bought it, and before many minutes the news of the bargain made was with every man in the yard, and as tusk after tusk after this 'passed in,' black man after black man, high and low, slave, trader, and hunter, crowded into the cargo-room and took a part, whether by right or not, in the scene of apparent confusion, in the shouting and stamping, in the muttered threats of dissatisfaction, with arms waved in the air, and butt-ends of weapons brought down hard on the wooden floor.

But good-humor prevailed over bad humor on the whole, and every now and then at some joke of old Turcan's, duly translated by the willing Bowman, the negroes' hoarse roar of laughter would circle round the room.

And it was in a heat that was stifling and in an air that was positively heavy with the stench of naked bodies, roughened by exposure and caked with dirt, that the two white men labored away, each at his desk and balance, old Turcan working with a thought of the girl Nell flitting now and again through his old head, and Hill active and smart in the wish to keep the old man pleased and unsuspicious.

At last the daylight failed them, and they stopped, and the natives were gradually driven out of the cargo-room.

Though there had been many a hard bargain, when neither black man nor white man would yield, nearly the whole of the cabooks had been passed in, and old Turcan surveyed the lot and pronounced it all prime ivory, weighing at least forty-five pounds a tusk and worth ten shillings a pound.

The negroes of the cabooks spread themselves in groups over the surface of the top of the cliff, and where each group squatted the light of their fires quickly twinkled.

The leading men were taken into the huts in the yard.

There news came to them that when they had finished their meal, they were to assemble in the big room of the white man's house to be entertained by him to whatever they chose to drink.

One by one they walked into the room and squatted in a circle.

They were a grotesque-looking set of men as the lamp-light shone upon their dark skins, sparkling on the brass armlets, and on the necklets of beads, coral and stones they wore, and on the hilts and blades of the swords and machete stuck in their grass-mat loin-cloths.

They were in number twenty, and then some of the men of lesser consequence remained on the verandah, and peered in at the doorway.

The men were of all sizes and shades, some tall and fairly well-featured for negroes, others stunted, strong and hideous, and all wearing their wool greased, twisted, and skewered into fanciful shapes.

Some had never seen the inside of a white man's house, and their eyes rolled in their astonishment, others had never been to the sea coast, but all appreciated the white man's liquor, which was the square-face gin.

Old Turcan poured gin out from the square-faced bottles, and Hill lounged on a chair.

Inspired by the liquor, a negro rose from the floor, amid the applause of the rest, and made a speech in his dialect, which old Turcan took to mean returning thanks to the white man.

Another negro followed, and another, and another, until all would quickly speak.

Among them a small man, hitherto hidden in the shadow of the table, jumped up.

The uproar and confusion of voices increased at the sight of him, but he paid no attention, and in his vehemence and determination to be heard screeched shrilly and threw up his hands.

As he did so, Hill from his chair saw hanging on the mad's chest a half-circle of uncut, sparkling, crimson-colored stones, each enclosed in a tiny net bag of fine silk-like thread, by which it was joined to the rest, the ends being twisted into a slender cord.

Hill rose, leant across the table and looked steadily at the stones.

The native thought the white man was gazing at him, and was surprised into silence. Hill stretched his arm across the table and seized the necklet. The man drew back.

In a moment there was a roar of voices from the bushmen, who started to their feet.

Before they could interfere the string which joined the stones broke, and they remained in Hill's clenched hand. Old Turcan came between him and the bushmen, who had their hands on their knives.

But Hill, regardless of the negroes, examined the stones again and again with greedy eyes that looked as if they would leap out of their sockets.

"What do you want with that trumpery, Hill?" shouted old Turcan. "Give the man his necklace; you will have us all tied up!"

Hill's answer was to tear with his teeth some of the fine net-work that covered the stones, and it was lucky that as he did so the broad table was between him and some of the negroes.

Old Turcan, aghast, kept them back by main force, while Antonio Bowman told them the white master did but admire what he saw.

'Do you know what they are?" asked Hill at last, looking up, with his hands clenched over the stones. "They are rubies! and worth more than diamonds! Rubies! and stones of size and color, as I'm a living man. Rubies! I pledge my word to you for it. Look at them! look at them! look at the color, the size of the beauties, every one of them to the ends, twenty-eight in all!" and he showed stone after stone until he came to a lovely one in the centre of the necklet.

His eyes were ablaze, his lips quivered, every muscle was strained, the stones gleamed redly through his white trembling fingers.

Old Turcan gazed dumfounded. He had never seen such stones on the coast before; yet they might well belong to the strange interior, which no white man knew anything about in all the years that were past.

"How do you know what they are?" he asked.

"Hush, hush," replied Hill, "we are too anxious before the negroes. We must buy these stones, I tell you. It's the chance of a lifetime."

"You know as much about them as I do."

"I know everything, you nothing. I have been in the trade. I call myself an expert; I am not wrong about them; I know my judgment; I will buy them myself."

"No," returned old Turcan, "I will buy them on your advice," and he turned towards the men, who under the persuasion of Antonio Bowman had remained quiet while the two white men "palavered."

"I discovered them," broke in Hill, "I am entitled to them. I will have them!"

He was beside himself.

Old Turcan looked at him.

"If I get them," he said coolly, "I will send them to the Liverpool agents and have them tested, and if they are what you say they are, you shall have half of their value for discovering them. That will be fair, I take it—half of what they will fetch."

Hill knew that, if old Turcan chose, he could refuse to give him a single musket or a yard of cloth wherewith to buy the stones.

If he had only tried to buy them secretly! but in his utter surprise at seeing such things on a black fellow he had spoken out.

"Yes," he said, and old Turcan took the string of stones from his reluctant hands.

Old Turcan returned it the bushman to show that the white man did not wish to "thief" his necklet, and asked the men, through Antonio Bowman, to sit down again.

He called for a fresh drink. The bushmen squatted slowly one by one, except the owner of the necklet, who stood solemly by mending with a piece of grass taken from his loin-cloth the network that kept the stones together.

Then he defiantly threw the necklet round his neck and knotted the ends of it.

The gems hung again a sparkling half-circle on his breast, and Hill never took his eyes off them.

He would have murdered the man to get them, so sure was he of their real value.

But old Turcan, like a wary trader, said nothing of the stones, but passed the gin-bottle round without a measure, and gradually the men began to talk and laugh, and before long had forgotten about the quarrel, and were again full of speeches and good humor.

Even the owner of the necklet grinned once.

Then old Turcan sidled up to him cautiously, looking over his shoulder at him, and retreating several times, pretending to be very frightened at him.

At this performance the other man roared with laughter. Old Turcan patted the man very tenderly and stroked him down.

He now lifted the stones gently in his hands, and examined them quietly, the man gazing hard at him in silence.

"Whence come these stones as red as blood?" asked old Turcan aloud through Antonio Bowman. Bowman put the question to the bushman, who pointed with outstretched arm to signify "afar off."

Then his comrades, becoming curious as to the reason of the white man's curiosity, asked him to say where and how he had got the stones.

The man hesitated, looked round, saw nothing to alarm him, and began. He spoke fast, fingering the gems, while all the negroes listened like so many little children.

It appeared, as translated by Antonio Bowman, that the bushman had found, many moons ago, when hunting in a great forest, a black man whose language he knew not.

The black man was not like any of the men of the country he was in, which itself was strange and far away, many moons of travel beyond San Salvador.

The black man was weak and faint, so that he could not have gone further. The bushman took him for a slave. But he did not live long, for he had come too far and was too sick to live.

Before the black man died he loosened a strip of skin he wore over his loins, and the bushman took it off him, and found sewed in between two pieces of skin the stones, which he removed with the point of his knife.

His women made the necklet which held them together. Yes, the black man he had found was small and different to any he had seen.

Yes, he had come from much further away than the bushman had ever hunted. No, not from the great rivers—from the south.

No, no one knew what the stones were, only that they were red and gave fire sometimes.

Old Turcan thought. Was it quite possible the bushman had spoken the truth?—that the black man he had spoken of had really existed, had been a native of some unknown stretch of country to the illimitable south?

Had he come from a land whose valleys and surfaces had precious stones in them?

Had the strange black man found the stones, or had he stolen them, and escaped with them, or, as was possible, were such stones ornaments among his people, and had he fled for other reasons? Had he been the victim of witch doctor or fetich man?

Whichever way it was the bushman could tell no more, and all his comrades professed ignorance of any land where such red stones could have come from.

Old Turcan was now determined to buy them.

"What are they worth?" he whispered to Hill.

"There are twenty-eight stones in all," answered Hill, "and the centre stone and three on each side of it are magnificent. Ten thousand dollars as they are."

Old Turcan caught at his breath. He had thought that the stones, if genuine, might be worth one or two thousand at the most.

He did not believe they were worth any more.

"Nonsense, you are deceived in them, man."

"Let me buy them. They are worth more than ten thousand. Let me buy them, eh? I tell you I know stones as well as you know money. For gracious sake, don't lose the chance of them!" exclaimed Hill, in agony at the thought of losing them.

There was no doubting his belief in their value. The man was mad with excitement.

Old Turcan turned towards Antonio Bowman.

"Bowman," said he, "ask the bushman softly if he will sell those stones he took from the slave who died in the bush."

But when the bushman was asked the question he naturally became cautious. He shook his head so hard that the stones flashed again in the lamplight.

No, he would not sell them.

"Of what use were the red stones to him?" asked Antonio Bowman softly. "Of what use were they to the white man?" returned the bushman. "They made fetich for white woman," said old Turcan through Bowman, stretching a point, and consoling himself with the reflection that, as he had heard, there was just a bit of truth in what he said.

The negroes all cried "Ha!" and the bushman looked down at the stones with something of suspicion.

The men were all terribly superstitious.

"Were the stones which were fetich for the white woman not fetich for the black woman?" he asked, recovering himself.

Old Turcan denied it.

"White man give plenty cloth, plenty guns, plenty powder, for fetich for white woman," he added slyly.

The black man thought.

"How can fetich for white woman belong for country for black man?" he quickly asked.

"Far away beyond black man country live white man," answered old Turcan through Antonio Bowman. "Same country, but white man live there."

At this the astonishment of the bushman was great. Whether they believed old Turcan or not, they asked, through Antonio, question after question concerning this country, to which old Turcan replied as well as he could, having in his mind the territories to the far north of the Cape, and always edging in a few words to the purpose, that he would give plenty of guns, plenty of powder, plenty of cloth for the stones.

This had its effect. Negroes will sell anything, and the bushman knew his comrades coveted guns, powder, and cloth for themselves, and they might make little of catching him and taking the stones from him.

And was it not better to be rid of that which was fetich for white woman and not for black man for good guns, and powder and cloth, even though he should have to give up some of them to his comrades? He took the necklet off, and holding it out in his hands, asked how many guns, how much powder and how much cloth the white man would give for it.

All listened with intense interest.

"Ten guns, twenty men, twenty parts," sung out old Turcan at once, meaning ten muskets, twenty large kegs of gunpowder, and two hundred and forty yards of cloth of the coast.

The bushman cried out, "No," his friends "ditto."

Then followed the usual bargaining, which Hill, pale with anxiety, tried to cut short.

But old Turcan went on with it, and eventually succeeded in obtaining the stones for eight guns, sixteen men, and sixteen parts, with the promise of a great dash or present on top, for which he gave a book.

The bushman gently handed the stones over and old Turcan put them in his pocket.

Great was Hill's relief. Ten thousand dollars worth of rubies for one hundred in value was a bargain not often made in a lifetime!

He jumped up; he gave the bushmen more gin; he gently urged them out of the room, and when he had seen them go out into the darkness he returned, to find that old Turcan had disappeared into his bedroom with the stones.

Ha! the old man meant to keep the stones and to dispose of them, he reflected bitterly, and sat down to think this over.

He quickly saw that old Turcan's agents in Liverpool would not be likely to dispose of the stones to advantage. What did they, ordinary merchants, know of the value of such precious things? Nothing. He knew how much depended on the salesman.

Of the thousand pounds and more, maybe half as much more, which he was persuaded should come to him, perhaps not more than two-thirds or a half would be available if the stones were sold anyhow and by anyone.

It was galling to think of the possibility of it, and he quite unable to prevent it. Could old Turcan not be induced to let him go home and take the stones with him and sell them in London or on the Continent?

Or could he get clear away on board the steamer with them and the order? The thought of it, as it flashed upon him, made his heart stand still.

He believed in it at once. That which had prevented him from going off with the smaller sum was not sufficient to prevent him absconding with the larger. Thank heaven! there was no cable.

He could risk the chance of the steamer being signalled to stop, and the gun fired from the shore before she was out of sight and sound.

He could spike the gun and destroy the proper signals; to do both would be easy. The chest in which the signals were kept was never locked.

Though he knew this well enough, he rose and went out on to the verandah to try the lock of the chest. When he had satisfied himself he looked seaward, and was conscious that the calemma was rising.

Over the whole of the open bay the sea was again continuously white. The thunder of the larger breakers was unceasing.

In this he only recognized the better chance he had of getting on board without giving suspicion.

Old Turcan would never face such a surf with the rubies, and once he, Hill, was on board he could send the boat on shore with a message that the sea was too bad for him to venture to return, and to send a hammock and men to the next point, fifty miles off, where the steamer touched, whence he could return by land.

This he had done once before. He reckoned it would throw old Turcan off his guard.

To manipulate the signals and the gun was not necessary. It was as simple as possible, and the old fellow was too full of belief in him and of thoughts of Nell to be very suspicious.

As he thought of all this, he reached in his walk the end of the verandah in front of the house.

From a side window, which was the window of old Turcan's room, he saw a light streaming.

Curious to know what the old man was about with the rubies—for he doubted not he already had them out of their rude setting—he crept off the verandah on the sand. He went silently along the side of the house.

He peered in at the window through the venetian shutters. He saw old Turcan seated at his table writing laboriously. The rubies were there, but the old man had thrust them aside, and they lay uncared for, shining in the lamplight.

From a happy look that came over the old man's face as he paused for rest and a

breath, Hill guessed to whom he was writing, and what, and he muttered an oath at the old fool.

Then in the dark he crept away slowly to bed.

Daybreak showed the 'steamer' lying off the point, arrived to an hour. Old Turcan resolved to try and get his cargo off to her.

He knew his boats were strong and sound, and their crews of Cabinda men skilful and stout, and they had never had an accident.

He would have to wait another month if he missed the opportunity. The men of the cabooka, too, agreed to remain without their goods until the steamer had gone.

Then all the men of the factory set to work to get the ivory carried down to the beach, encouraging one another by pretended astonishment at the quantity of it, as they brought it forth tusk by tusk, and by self-made promises of big drinks when all should have left the shore.

Old Turcan took to himself the charge of seeing the tusks duly numbered and sent off from the factory, and he ordered Hill to see that they were re-counted and stowed in the boats, which lay on the beach, with their high prows touching the foam.

Hill lingered at the house as long as he dared in the hope that old Turcan would hand him his letters to take on board according to custom.

But the old man kept them, and Hill recognized that after all there was the chance that old Turcan might take them off to the steamer himself.

He went down to the beach with a heavy heart.

As boat after boat went off laden, and returned in safety through the still increasing surf, and as the time drew near when his fate and that of the rubies would be decided, Hill's anxiety increased until he resolved that, come what might, he would prevent old Turcan going off to the steamer, even if he had—what? To murder him?

He thought the words as he saw the boat with the last load of ivory but one make its way through the seas towards the steamer.

It would be some time before it returned to the shore, and he climbed up to the factory, resolved and collected.

When he got to the top of the cliff he saw old Turcan on the very sea edge of it, watching the boat.

What if he took the old man unawares and threw him over the edge? He might have the rubies on him. Hill went into the house and looked at the table on which the letters were usually left for him, but of course they were not there.

The door of old Turcan's room stood open. Hill entered the room on the faint chance of finding the letters in it. There was no sign of them.

He turned in the direction of the old mahogany medicine chest of the factory, which stood in a very dark corner of the room.

He stole softly across the floor towards the chest, threw it open, and looking about to be sure no native saw him, ran his hand along the rows of bottles until he stopped at a thick square one, which he pulled out of its socket. He knew it contained morphia.

He hid it in the breast of his jacket and closed the lid of the chest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Facing a Madman.

BY E. R. C.

DR. COLOCYNTH was the standing wonder of the little market town of Beefington, and its chief pride as well.

The honest yeomen liked to think that, although he was famous, he chose to live among them instead of among "the fine folks."

And then to see what strange people came to visit him.

One year a Hungarian prince all over diamonds, and the next year a learned Mohammedan from Delhi (whose dark face and white turban had astonished the worthy farmers not a little); and the year after that a real live African king, whom the doctor had met in his travels, and who, having over-eaten and over-drunk himself, to the brink of death, had come on purpose to be doctored by his old friend, bringing with him twenty or thirty of the most extraordinary hobgoblins ever seen outside of a circus or museum.

After all these strange visitors, it was rather a disappointment to the Beefingtonians when Colocynth brought back with him from his yearly trip to town nothing more out-of-the-way than a young gentleman, well dressed and undeniably handsome, but very thin and worn, and with a heavy, jaded look about his large dark eyes which suggested that he had been having rather too little sleep and a good deal too much excitement.

This young fellow, Frank Featherstone, was the only son of one of the doctor's oldest friends.

He had just taken a very brilliant degree at college, but had over-worked himself terribly in doing so; and Colocynth's invitation to him to come and spend a few weeks in the country, though apparently meaning nothing more than a prescription of rest and fresh air, was really given that he might have a chance of keeping his eye on the lad, and finding out what was really the matter with him; for Colocynth strongly suspected—though he never hinted it to any one—that the case was much more serious than it appeared.

But—as will be seen presently—his worst suspicions, gloomy though they were, fell far short of the terrible reality.

For the first few days, however, all went—or at least seemed to go—perfectly well. The pure country air, the unbroken quiet, and the constant companionship of the doctor—who, with all that he had read and all that he had seen, was first-rate company—were better than any medicine for the student's overwrought nerves; and before the first week was over, his worn and haggard face was beginning to look quite like itself again.

Still, with all this the doctor was not quite satisfied.

His keen eye noted a strange restlessness in his guest's manner, and a nervous, anxious, almost frightened look about his eyes, over which the experienced physician shook his head gravely, when there was no one by to see him do it.

But he knew better than to say anything of these symptoms to Featherstone himself, or even to let him see that he had observed them; and so matters stood till near the close of the second week.

One evening, Frank Featherstone—who had for some time past been contemplating a trip through India when his studies should be over—began to question the doctor about his travels in the East, seeming greatly interested in all that he was told, and more especially in a book of colored prints of Eastern races and landscapes, which Colocynth produced for his amusement.

But it did not escape the doctor that every now and then the young man gazed around him with a strangely bewildered air, like one who suddenly finds himself in a place quite new to him without knowing how he got there.

A vague, but gloomy, foreboding began to weigh Colocynth down; and this strange uneasiness continued to haunt him, even in his dreams, which were filled with shadowy visions of peril and horror, the prominent figure in each and all being Frank Featherstone himself.

At length, with a violent struggle, he started and awoke.

Awoke—to what? To find Featherstone standing at his bedside, with a long Eastern dagger in his uplifted hand, and murder gleaming from his bloodshot eyes.

One glance at those eyes told Colocynth the hideous truth. He was face to face with a raving madman!

Well was it then for the renowned physician that he had had such a wide experience of similar cases, and had been accustomed to discern at the first glance how to deal with each.

He recognized in the madman's fantastic costume—which consisted of a strip of green baize wound turban fashion about his head, an Indian shawl thrown over his shoulders, and a scarlet "anti-macassar" twisted around his waist—a grotesque copy of one of the green-turbaned, red-girdled sultans in the previous evening's picture book; and this one hint was quite enough for the ready-witted doctor.

"Peace be with your Sublime Highness!" said he in a tone of deep respect. "Is it already time to go down to the camp? Then your slave will be ready in an instant."

All this while he held fixed with his steady look the wandering eyes of the maniac.

Had he flinched or wavered for one moment, he would have been stabbed to the heart at once, and he knew it; but his face was as calm and his voice as firm as ever.

The skill with which he had chimed in with Featherstone's delusion, while giving to it a new and unexpected turn, produced the precise effect which the shrewd physician had foreseen.

The madman lowered his weapon slowly, with an undecided air, and remained silent for an instant, evidently trying to reconcile what the doctor had just said to him with his own disordered thoughts.

"Who are you, then?" asked he at length, in a tone the fierceness of which was perceptibly dashed with hesitation and perplexity.

"Who should I be but your Highness's Captain of the Guard, and the humblest of your slaves?" replied Colocynth, putting his hand to his forehead in the Eastern fashion. "What commands has the lord of the universe for his servant?"

So saying, he rose from his bed as quietly as possible—in order to avoid enraging the lunatic by any flurry or show of excitement—and slipped on a gay-colored dressing gown of flowered silk, which seemed to him most in harmony with the gorgeousness of poor Featherstone's extraordinary costume.

"Captain of my Guard?" echoed the maniac, eyeing him with a half-puzzled, half-suspicious look. "What are you doing here, then, where I expected to find the traitor whom I want to kill? What are you doing here? Speak, or, by the tomb of the Prophet, you die!"

His voice rose to a perfect scream, and the murderous steel glittered over the head of Colocynth, whose life seemed to hang by a thread.

Had the doctor lost his nerve or his presence of mind for one instant, all would have been over.

But even with the knife at his throat, and death in its worst form glaring at him from a maniac's burning eyes, this wonderful man could still plan and reason.

The lunatic's last words had betrayed that his delusion was to imagine himself a Mohammedan prince, and Colocynth lost not a moment in turning this discovery to account.

"In Heaven's name," cried he, with a look and tone of assumed horror of which Garrick himself might have been justly proud, "how came that unsainted dagger into the hands of a good Mussulman like your Highness? It has just been cleaned with hog's lard!"

Instantly the madman flung his deadly weapon to the other side of the room, and, hiding his face in his hands, groaned despairingly—

"Hog's lard! Then I am polluted—polluted forever!"

"Not so!" cried Colocynth, "the pollution has not yet had time to set in, and if your Highness will but wash it off at once, all shall yet be well. Come quickly with me."

And, catching Featherstone by the arm, he whisked him out of the room with such frantic haste that any one who had seen them both at that moment would have thought the doctor as mad as his patient.

Then he hurried him into a small lavatory next door, where he used to wash his hands after his experiments, and which, having no furniture of any kind, contained nothing with which the lunatic could hurt either himself or any one else.

"Let the lord of the earth wash his royal hands quickly," said Colocynth, turning on the water, while his slave runs to fetch a towel."

And while Sultan Featherstone fell to scrubbing his hands as if for a wager, the doctor darted out of the room, locked him in, and flew downstairs; returning in a trice, not with a towel, but with two brawny gardeners and a sturdy Yorkshire groom, who seized the madman and bound him hand and foot.

He was then bundled into a carriage and driven off to the nearest asylum (kept by an intimate friend of Colocynth's), from which, to the doctor's great satisfaction, he was discharged completely cured a few months later.

LIFE IN HOLLAND.

The laws in Holland in regard to the legal position of the wife are very much behind the age, and the husband can do about as the likes with the person and property of his helpmate.

The laws are silent as to the wife's claim on the husband, but lawyers have said that this apparent void in the law-book is caused by the invariable devotion of the Hollander to his home and his inmates.

Love for home, wife, and children is nowhere more thoroughly illustrated than in the Netherlands, and cases of neglect to provide in every possible way are very rare in the land of the dykes.

The wives and daughters of the lower classes try in every way imaginable to aid the husband and father in procuring a living.

In summer you will observe hundreds of them on their knees in the public squares, armed with a three-inch spike, weeding the grass blades from between the stones, for which they receive about a dime a day. Others are engaged in wheeling sand into outward bound merchant ships, to be used as ballast. You will see a women pushing a wheelbarrow, containing about 200 pounds of sand, up a broad gangway inclined at least thirty degrees, at a gait simply wonderful considering that the wheeler is of the weaker sex.

You will often meet a small procession on the tow-path of the river Amstel, consisting of mother and two or three children, harnessed to the tow-line of the canal boat very much in the manner of American mules. They hang, as it were, in the harness, and their swinging, regular walk proves that a great part of their lives has been passed in this way.

When the boat comes abreast, you feel like using a rope's end on the father of the family, who, placidly smoking his pipe, sits in the stern steering the vessel: but your anger will cool when investigation shows that, if he took to the tow-path, and allowed his wife the helm, all damages of collision, etc., would have to be paid by him.

You cross a railroad, and casting a glance along the iron path, a woman, dressed in red tunic and glistening helmet, waving a white signal flag, catches your eye. She is the watch-woman at the crossing.

At every railroad in Holland this position is filled by a woman, and railroad officials have said that no accident has ever been caused by a watchwoman's carelessness. They receive twenty guildens about seven dollars per month. A man would require double that salary and might get intoxicated once in a while.

Distinctions in privileges between married and single women are so thoroughly established here by social customs as to be observed in the every day association of the sexes.

A native will readily discover whether the couple walking in the street in front of him are married or not, this discovery being made easy by the strict adherence of the populace to the ancient customs compulsorily introduced into the country when under the iron rule of "Alva the Bloody." An unmarried women always takes the right arm of her escort, while the married one selects the left side of her husband. So deeply has this custom entered into the life of Hollanders that at a church wedding the bride enters the edifice on the right side of the groom, the wife returning on the left side of her husband when the ceremony has been performed. No unmarried lady can dream of going to church, concert, or any place of public assembly without the escort of parents or male members of her family.

Scientific and Useful.

CEMENT FOR MENDING FURNITURE.—Dissolve two drachms of gum shellac in two ounces of alcohol, then add half a drachm of gum tragacanth and half an ounce of strong vinegar.

TELEGRAPHY.—An electrician has patented a telegraphic instrument which, he claims, will revolutionize telegraphy, as it works without batteries. The Government appointed a committee of experts to examine into the merits of the machine.

TRAIN INDICATOR.—A contrivance has lately been introduced on the railroads in Russia to indicate the next station at which the train will stop. It is a dial, the index of which points to the station. One is shut up in every car, and the indices of all are moved at once by electricity, working from the locomotive.

USEFUL HINTS.—A bit of glue dissolved in skimmed milk will restore crape. Ribbons, of every kind, should be washed in cold suds, and not rinsed. If your flat-irons are rough rub them with fine salt, and salt, and it will make them perfectly smooth. If you are buying a carpet for durability, choose small figures. A bit of soap, rubbed on the hinges of a door will prevent its creaking. Snuff put in holes where crickets come out will destroy them. Wood-ashes and common salt, wet with water, will prevent the cracking of a stove. Half a cranberry, it is said, bound on a corn, will soon kill it.

THE WEATHER.—Says a weather observer: "When you wish to know what the weather is going to be, go out and select the smallest cloud you see. Keep your eye on it, and if it decreases and disappears, it shows a state of the air that is sure to be followed by fine weather; but if it increases take your overcoat with you, if you are going away from home, for falling weather is not far off." The reason is this: When the air is becoming charged with electricity, you will see every cloud attracting all lesser ones toward it until it gathers into a shower, and, on the contrary, when the wind is passing off, and diffusing itself, then a large cloud will be seen breaking into pieces and dissolving.

TO CRYSTALIZE FLOWERS.—Construct some baskets of fancy form with pliable copper wire, and wrap them with gauze. Into these tie to the bottom violets, ferns, geranium leaves (in fact any flower except full-blown roses), and sink them in a solution of alum, of one pound to a gallon of water. After the solution has cooled, the colors will then be preserved in their original beauty, and the crystallized alum will hold faster than when from a hot solution. When you have a light covering of crystals that covers, completely, the articles, remove the basket carefully, and allow to drip for twelve hours. These baskets make a beautiful parlor ornament, and for a long time preserve the freshness of the flowers.

Farm and Garden.

HORSES.—Horses should be freely exercised daily. Exercise hardens the muscles, and keeps the horse in good condition for work.

GUTTERS.—Always have gutters to carry off the water from the eaves of barns and stables. It prevents dampness to a certain extent, and will enable you to have a cistern full of water at all seasons.

MIXED FARMING.—Mixed farming is best, because it permits of a greater variety of crops, more stock, more manure, larger yields, and lessens the loss in case of drought or fluctuations in the markets. It is not safe to depend on a single crop for profit.

PAINT.—Paint is an important substance on the farm. It preserves the buildings and adds to their appearance. Farmers who neglect to use paint are not economical. It adds much to the value of everything on the farm, stops holes and cracks, and saves its cost in a single season.

ROADS.—Every farmer is interested in good roads. None but experienced road-overseers should be selected, and the tax required for road repair, if properly applied, is money well invested. Good roads save valuable horses, and avoid loss of time by the farmer.

FOOD-SAVING.—The cheapest food-saving device is some kind of wind-brake. All animals or fowls that are exposed to the sweeping winds will not only consume more food than may be necessary if they were protected, but will also be more liable to colds and disease.

THE SOIL.—Feed the plants by feeding the ground. By robbing the soil you rob yourself. Nothing is gained by attempting to grow a crop upon land that cannot supply the necessary plant food. The labor and time will only be wasted. The crop may thrive for a while, but it will fail at a critical period.

POULTRY.—More meat and better meat, and in a shorter space of time, can be produced from poultry than from any other source, and the supply from poultry equals that of any other class of live-stock. It gives an opportunity to those of limited means, and the profits likewise are always large in proportion to capital invested.

THE tongue of a fool is the key of his counsel, which in a wise man wisdom hath in keeping.

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The Effort to Improve.

Lord Bacon, in his essays, remarks that men are often incited to effort to attain mental superiority by the sense of defect in physical gifts.

The motive may not be of the highest, but doubtless the result is good. Men are impelled to seek their ends by many means; and motives are, for the most part, mixed in determining human beings to any fixed course of action which implies steady application and self denial.

Pope, too, was fond of dwelling on the same idea, and no doubt felt that he was, in himself, a very apt illustration of the principle.

Imagination, also, comes in with kindliest aid to those who view their defects philosophically. It is, indeed, a kind of Aladdin's lamp to those who look on the bright side of things.

And just as imagination, under morbid stimulus is apt to magnify and exaggerate to one's disadvantage, so it may be wisely made to minister to self-satisfaction by using the sense of contrast in its service. It is only imaginative troubles that grow by being dwelt on; and a very excellent recipe for not having a desired object is to believe we have it, or have an excellent substitute or compensatory advantages for it.

Napoleon was morbidly vain and sensitive on the subject of his low stature; and, no doubt, would have suffered far more than he did if he had not been able to make historical comparisons favorable to himself, which, as we read, he was wont to do.

In contemplating, on one occasion, a portrait of Alexander the Great, he remarked more than once, with an air of self congratulation: "Alexander the Great was shorter than I am, much shorter." Doubtless there was consolation to him in the thought.

Some readers may perhaps remember the anecdote of the philosopher who turned his shirt and observed, "What a comfort there is in clean linen."

Men's riches lie rather in what they are, in what they feel and believe, than in what they have; and Thoreau was certainly right, from his own point of view, when he declared that men were the slaves of their own baggage. This was his way of cheerily translating his own disadvantages into advantages; and his example forms a kind of bracing advertisement of cheerful stoicism, which may well, to some extent, be imitated.

Life's bitters give zest to the pleasures that succeed, and, if it is better to realize that Tom or Dick or Harry have from nature the advantage of us in height, or proportion, or eyes, or hair, it is our best cue to strive to surpass them in the more lasting endowments of brain and concentrated purpose, industry and application.

Thackeray, whom no writer has surpassed in delicate observation and apt illustration of those more subtle relationships of life, has in one of his works the following passage:

"My fair young reader, if you are not so perfect a beauty as the peerless Lindamira, Queen of the Ball; if at the end of it, as you retire to bed, you meekly own that you have had but two or three partners, whilst Lindamira has had a crowd round her all night, console yourself with thinking that, at fifty, you will look as kind and pleasant as you now do at eighteen. You will not have to lay down your coach-and-six of beauty and see another step into it; and walk yourself through the rest of life. You will have to forego no accustomed homage; you will not witness and own the depreciation of your smiles. You will not see fashion forsake your quarter; and remain, all dust, gloom and cobwebs within your once splendid saloons, with placards in your sad windows—gaunt, lonely and to let! You may not have known any grandeur, but you won't feel any desertion. You will not have enjoyed millions, but you will have escaped bankruptcy."

There is wisdom of the most practical and suggestive kind in this. It is a homily of contentment, a rubric of lightheartedness and self satisfaction.

If not calculated to inspire poetic dreams and visions, it is certain, if appreciated and acted on, to aid peaceful self possession, composure, and that gentle patience and toleration which are admitted to do so much to preserve freshness and placid enjoyment.

Some persons believe everything that their kindred, their parents and their tutors believe. The veneration and the love which they have for their ancestors incline them to swallow down all their opinions at once, without examining what truth or falsehood there is in them. Men take their principles by inheritance, and defend them as they would their estates, because they are born heirs to them.

Sloth has prevented as many vices in some minds as virtues in others. Idleness is the grand Pacific Ocean of life, and in that stagnant abyss the most salutary things produce no good, the most noxious no evil. Vice indeed, abstractedly considered, may be and often is engendered in idleness, but the moment it becomes efficiently vice, it must quit its cradle and cease to be idle.

I have long noted down practical rules for life, as they come evidenced to my mind, either from wise books, or the conversation of men of experience, or what had been forced upon me by my own convictions. One is simple, but carries me far—to put the best construction on every human action till a bad is proved, and to call that "bad" no worse than it is.

Morals and manners, which give color to life, are of greater importance than laws, which are but one of their manifestations. The law touches us here and there, but manners are about us everywhere, pervading society like the air we breathe. Good manners, as we call them, are neither more nor less than good behavior, consisting of courtesy and kindness.

Every one is forward to complain of the prejudices that mislead other men and parties, as if he were free and had none of his own. This being objected on all sides, it is agreed that it is a fault and a hindrance to knowledge. What now is the cure? No other but this, that every man should let alone other's prejudices and examine his own.

"Ha!" is the interjection of laughter—"Ah!" is an interjection of sorrow. The difference between them is very small, consisting only in the transposition of what is no substantial letter, but a bare aspiration. How quickly, in the age of a minute, in the change of a breath, is our mirth changed into mourning!

Laws and principles are not for the time when there are no temptations. They are for such moments as this, when body and soul are in mutiny against their rigor. Stringent are they; inviolate they shall be.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some people take in speaking their mind. A man of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it; when an opposite behavior, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.

Manners are the shadows of virtues, the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.

However good you may be, you have faults; however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are; and however slight they may be, you had better make some—not too painful, but patient—efforts to get quit of them.

Reasoning against a prejudice is like fighting against a shadow; it exhausts the reasoner without visibly affecting the prejudice. Argument cannot do the work of instruction any more than blows can take the place of sunlight.

Anger is the most impotent passion that influences the mind of man; it effects nothing it undertakes, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than the object against which it is directed.

I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing in that from which, within a few days, I might dissent myself.

There is nothing which we more abhor than that kind of wit which betrays a hardness of heart. Inhumanity is never so odious as when it is practiced with mirth and wantonness.

The confusion and undesigned inaccuracy so often observed in conversation proves that truth needs to be cultivated as a talent, as well as recommended as a virtue.

Do not believe that a book is good if in reading it you do not become more contented with your existence, if it does not rouse up in you more generous feelings.

The man who is jealous and envious of his neighbor's success has foes in his heart who can bring more bitterness into his life than can any outside enemy.

A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer; but a wise man cannot ask more questions than he will find a fool ready to answer.

Tribulation will not hurt you unless it does—what, alas! it too often does—unless it hardens you, and makes you sour and narrow and skeptical.

Certainly the mistakes we mortals make when we have our own way, might fairly raise some wonder that we are so fond of it.

Liars act like the salt miners; they undermine the truth, but leave just so much standing as is necessary to support the edifice.

Health is the only riches that a man ought to set a value on, for without it all men are poor, let their estates be what they will.

If you have committed iniquity, you must expect to suffer; for vengeance with its sacred light shines upon you.

Even when we fancy we have grown wiser, it is only, it may be, that new prejudices have displaced old ones.

It is not enough to have reason; it is spoilt, it is dishonored, by sustaining a brusk and haughty manner.

The World's Happenings.

"Bosh" is the trade name in London for all butter substitutes.

An elephant said to be 300 years old recently died at Bombay.

Nearly 5 000 Indians live on the eight reservations in New York State.

A rabbit with two tails was caught in a trap at Red Bank, N. J., last week.

It is said that nine tenths of the telegraphic errors are due to poor handwriting.

A firm in Dixfield, Me., intends converting 700 cords of birch and poplar into toothpicks.

Fifteen boys in the Pittsburg cooking school have taken prizes for efficiency in cooking.

Dr. D. D. Reynolds, of Rockford, Mich., wears buttons made of $20 gold pieces on his clothes.

An inmate of the penitentiary at Salem, Oregon, cut off his hand in order to get a spell of idleness.

A lad aged 11, in Middletown, N. Y., has become a raving maniac from excessive cigarette smoking.

Over 75,000 monkeys were killed in Brazil last year and the pelts shipped to London to be made into furs.

An eccentric fellow has lived for two years past in a deserted wolf's den near Success Hill, in Stratford, Conn.

A Bostonian suggests a new name, "Whulge," for Washington Territory. It is the old Indian name of Puget Sound.

Deaf mutes are increasing at a faster rate than the general population. This is possibly due to the noises of civilized life.

Empress Frederick has collected 24,000 obituary notices of her husband, and a staff of secretaries are arranging them in scrapbooks.

A Buffalo man recently counted the motions made by a barber's hand during the process of shaving one man and found them to be 675.

St. Louis preachers are conducting a crusade against the practice of mourners stopping at saloons on the way back from the cemetery.

One Daley, of Bay City, Mich., who while drunk broke his leg in a quarrel, has brought suit for $10,000 damages against the saloon-keeper who sold him the liquor.

At the Nice, France, beauty show, the week of March 16, non-participating ladies are to wear the domino, so that beauty on show may be distinguished from beauty not on show.

The participants in a recent ball in Paris drank 31,000 glasses of ale, wine and champagne, besides 5,000 bottles of claret and 4,000 cups of iced coffee. There were eaten 14,000 sandwiches, 12,000 buns, etc.

A dog acts as watchman over the mail at Allentown, Fla., taking a position on the bags the moment they are thrown from the train, and refusing to move or allow any one to disturb them until the postmaster arrives.

Living in Japan is very cheap. You can rent a big house, keep three servants, have a drive every day and live off the fat of the land for $5 per week. In addition to this the natives will take off their hats to you.

With the thermometer below zero and a blinding snow storm raging, several persons were baptized in an Illinois river recently. Afterwards they walked, in stocking-feet, nearly a quarter of a mile to the nearest residence to change their clothing.

Rev. W. E. Johnson, of Plainville, Conn., preaches in a dry goods store on Sunday evenings to men, and the sign, "Smoking allowed" hangs from the pulpit. His idea is to reach a class of men—the free-and-easies—who never go to church.

Flocks of wild dogs, possessing all the characteristics of wolves, infest some of the southern counties of Ohio. They attack every living thing—men, women, children, pigs, turkeys, geese, etc.,—and have been known to destroy entire flocks of sheep.

A burglar in Wheeling, West Va., who awoke one of the sleepers in a house he was ransacking, wasn't unnerved in the least by the query, "Who's there?" He replied, "Never mind, you've been dreaming," and then continued his search for valuables.

Mitchell Allen, of Woodbury, Conn., owned a horse which had been raised near by. After some time it was sold in Bridgeport. Years after Mr. Allen was surprised to see it walking wearisomely past the house. It went to its old pasture, made its way in, lay down and died.

The Russian Empress thinks little of court etiquette. Recently at some function at the Danish Court, where properly she had precedence of the Princess of Wales, she laughingly invited the Princess to go ahead of her, saying: "When I am here I am only my mother's second daughter."

In the Asbury Park directory occurs this name: "J. R. Borden, motorneer." Thus a new word has been coined for the language. A motorneer is the man who rides on the front of an electric car and handles the trolly, which runs on the wires overhead and conveys the electricity from the wires to the motor under the car.

A Boston paper tells of a dog that for some time past has been in the habit of leaving his home on Thursday evening and remaining away until Saturday morning. The matter was finally investigated, and it was found, so the story goes, that he spent Friday with a neighboring family where meat was eaten on that day. His master's family had fish on Fridays.

An ingenious woman in Brockton, Mass., has turned into a walking saloon. She carries liquor in a belt strapped around her waist, and, when a customer appears, she raises her jersey, turns a stop-cock in a flexible tube and permits the liquor to run into a tin cup, which she carries in her pocket. After the sale, which is invariably made behind a convenient tree or in a dark alley, the woman starts off to hunt for more trade.

I WONDER.

BY CECIL LORRAINE.

Will you love me still, I wonder,
When my cheeks have lost their glow,
When the cares of many summers
Rest upon my head as snow?

Will your words be true and tender
Then, as in our youth and prime?
Will your dear heart beat as warmly,
In the coming winter-time?

Oh! I wonder, oh! I wonder
If your heart will aye be leal,
Thro' all danger, thro' all trouble,
Loving on thro' woe and weal.

Ah! I know your eyes are glowing
With a love both fond and true,
And the future, in my blindness,
I must leave to faith and you!

An Unsolved Mystery.

BY EDWARD MARWICK.

For nearly a week I had been in daily attendance at the Central Criminal Court, watching with keenest interest a celebrated murder trial.

The facts of the case, though not the subsequent occurrence, which I now relate for the first time, will be within the memory of most of my readers.

A hapless woman, aged only thirty-two, the housekeeper at No. 5, Grenville Mansions, Pimlico, was at midnight on the 17th of May, of a certain year, summoned to the door by a ring of the bell. She never returned alive.

At ten minutes past twelve she was found by a policeman lying on the door-step stabbed to death. The constable's story was clear and to the point.

As the clock struck midnight he was on his beat in the Wilberforce Road, and, chancing to look round, observed that he was exactly opposite No. 35 Grenville Mansions.

At this time he was walking in the direction of No. 5, and before he had gone many more paces at his ordinary rate of progression, he encountered a woman running; just before she reached the policeman she passed under a lamp, and the expression of her face was such that the constable was induced to stop her to ask what was the matter.

According to the officer's evidence, she rather tried to evade the interrogatory and continue on her way; but this the woman herself positively denied.

Her statement, volunteered at the police-station, was that, on the night of the 17th of May, she was coming down the Wilberforce Road on her way to No. 40 Grenville Mansions, where she was employed as housekeeper.

"Big Ben" struck midnight just as she approached the beginning of Wilberforce Road, and the last stroke was ringing in her ear as she passed No. 1, Grenville Mansions. At that moment she thought she heard a stifled cry; the next, a man rushed by her in the darkness.

When she reached No. 5 she observed that the door was open, and that on the step lay a dark, huddled-up mass. Approaching this inanimate object, she found it was a woman. Half raising the insensible form she discovered that it was the housekeeper, from whose neck and breast blood was streaming. Horrified at this sight, she fled for assistance, and meeting the constable she informed him of the tragedy.

The only difference between her tale and that of the policeman was this; the latter declared that the woman would have escaped him if she could.

The circumstances, as they stood, were considered sufficient to warrant the detention of the witness, Marion Franks, and she it was who now stood in the dock charged with the wilful murder of Harriet Noble.

Two things combined to invest the trial with peculiar interest. One was the intimate relation which had subsisted between the murdered woman and the accused.

It was proved that for more than a year they had been the closest friends. Numerous letters, showing the terms of affectionate friendship upon which the pair lived, were produced in court.

On the other hand, the prosecution alleged that shortly before the murder took place an estrangement had occurred.

A mysterious lover was imported into the case, though he could not be produced at the trial. It was contended that he had first made love to Marion Franks, but had subsequently transferred his affections to her friend Harriet Noble.

The only evidence in support of this was the fact that the accused had on several evenings been seen walking with a man whose description corresponded with that of an individual who, only two days before the murder, was observed in the company of Harriet Noble.

That this person could have thrown considerable light upon the case was universally believed, but the prisoner, while admitting that she had a lover, firmly declined to reveal his name. If he liked to come forward on his own account, well and good; but she would do nothing to compel him to take that course.

The man did not come forward, and his desertion of the accused in her extremity did much to win popular sympathy to her side.

The other matter to which I have referred as lending more than usual interest to the trial was the singular nature of the wounds which caused the death of Harriet Noble.

According to the testimony of the surgical experts, they could have been made by no weapon with which European nations are acquainted. The incisions were clean cut, all exactly of one depth and one shape, the latter being very broad at the surface, but tapering rapidly to a point at the other extremity.

Around the orifice of the wound on the neck were a number of curious, but regularly placed, indentations, as though the base of the dagger had been ornamented with fine filagree work.

While the case was in progress a person in court volunteered the evidence that exactly such a weapon was in vogue amongst the Shan tribes of Northern India.

Oddly enough it transpired that the prisoner had a friend, a sergeant in the Marines, who in the previous year had been engaged on an expedition against the Shans, and had sent her a box of native presents, which she had duly exhibited to her acquaintances, none of whom, however, remembered seeing a dagger of any kind.

Thus, it will be seen, there was a certain amount of circumstantial evidence remotely connecting Marion Franks with the crime of which she stood charged.

At last the end of the trial came.

The eminent counsel for the defence had spoken for five hours, closely analysing the evidence, and concluding with an eloquent peroration which caused even the relicts of aldermen to suspend their knitting, and moved all susceptible spinsters to tears.

The Attorney-General, availing himself of the anomalous privilege belonging to the law officers of the Crown, replied for the prosecution. The learned judge then summed up, and the jury were sent out to consider their verdict.

They were absent for three hours, when they returned the tension of feeling in court grew positively painful. The prisoner was bidden to stand forward in the dock, and all eyes were turned upon her.

There she stood, exhibiting the same marvellous control she had shown throughout the trial, clothed in black: her head slightly on one side, as though with weariness; her eyes cast down—a slender, forlorn figure, inexpressibly pathetic in its desolateness.

While the names of the jurors were being called over, the spectators, especially the women, strained their bodies and craned their necks and used their opera glasses to get a better look at the woman, who the next minute might be sent away to be hanged by the neck until she was dead.

Then the clerk of the court put the question, "Guilty or not Guilty?" and the centre of interest was transferred to the foreman of the jury.

He hesitated a moment, and glanced at a bit of paper he held in his hand. The silence seemed unendurable; then he said, "Although we think that some suspicion——" The secret was out.

There was the noise of hurrying feet from the court, and silence was called for. The foreman resumed, but before he got to the end of the verdict which proclaimed Marion Franks not guilty, the hoarse roar of the cheering outside in the street was borne into the court.

* * * * * *

The next day I was going away for the Whitsuntide vacation. In company with my friend Graham, renowned for his exploits with the boxing-gloves; Daigety, a sweetest of tenors; and McTavish, of that ilk, I intended having a week's quiet trout fishing in Wales.

We left Euston by the 9 a. m. train, and during the earlier part of the journey talked of nothing but the trial.

One thought that Marion Franks had certainly committed the murder; another was sure that the policeman had done it; a third entertained the conviction that it was the act of the mysterious stranger who had rushed past Marion Franks as she approached the corpse.

This was also my opinion, but I was alone in believing that the individual in question was no other than Marion Franks' relative in the Marines.

I was firm in my contention that he would be found to have deserted from his regiment, and to have been the author of the crime at 5, Grenville Mansions.

Presently we left off discussing the murder, and engaged in the agreeable diversion of penny Nap.

We had the carriage all to ourselves until we reached Rugby, where, to our annoyance, a stranger got in. He appeared to be about thirty-five years old, and was what is known as "respectably attired" in broadcloth.

He would have been a fairly good-looking man but for the fact that his nose was all on one side. I particularly noticed that his face and hands were bronzed as by exposure to the sun.

At first he ensconced himself and diligently read a newspaper, but presently he stole a look at us playing; then he laid down the newspaper and openly watched us.

Just then fate gave me a good hand, and as I hesitated a moment calculating its chances, a voice said in my ear, "Go Nap!"

It was the stranger who spoke, and I must confess that his interruption, betraying, as it did, a more than superficial knowledge of the game, rather surprised me.

I looked him full in the face, and I noticed he avoided my glance in some confusion, murmuring a word of apology for his interference.

I resolved, however, to accept his apparently involuntarily tendered advice as an omen of success, and went Nap. The stranger was evidently deeply interested in the result. My only weak card was the last—a king.

When I threw it down Daigety promptly covered it with the ace.

"Hard lines, sir, wasn't it?" I observed to the stranger.

"Yes," he replies. "I'd go Nap all night with hands like that."

"You do play then," I continued.

"Well, I used to in my young days," said he, with a smile.

"Why not join us?" put in Graham.

"I'm afraid you're too good for me," said the stranger.

He allowed himself to be persuaded, and took a hand. How far back his Nap-playing days were we did not know, but he had certainly not forgotten the game. And luck was on his side to an extraordinary extent.

When he went Nap—as he did with painful frequency—he intimated the fact with a general apology all round, which was repeated when he won—as he generally did.

We chatted discursively as we smoked, and presently the conversation came round again to the murder trial.

I noticed that the stranger rather avoided the subject, and when induced to give an opinion upon it, expressed his strong conviction that Marion Franks was really innocent. He gave no special reason for this belief, except that she did not look the sort of woman to do such a deed.

"You were present at the trial, then?" I asked.

He started, and looked confused for a moment at this question, and then admitted, with evident reluctance, that he had been present on the day of the acquittal.

I then remembered noticing a man in broadcloth standing in the gallery in such a position that while he had a good view of the prisoner in the dock he could not possibly be seen by her.

I remembered also noticing that the individual in question seemed to shun observation, standing rather back in the shadow and generally concealing his face with his hand—a peculiar habit to which our new acquaintance was strangely addicted.

"If this woman was not the murderer, who was?" remarked McTavish.

Our companion said nothing, but looked out of the window. I took the opportunity to repeat my own opinion as to the identity of the culprit with the person who fled by Marion Franks on the night of the tragedy, and who would eventually prove to be, I confidentially affirmed, the friend of the prisoner who had been serving with the Marines in the Shan States.

The stranger said nothing, but his hand stole over his face. I addressed him pointedly—

"Don't you think that the mysterious marine is very likely at the bottom of the affair?"

He turned, and looked me in the face, with a peculiar expression of weariness and pain, as he said, slowly—

"I really have no opinion on the subject. To tell the truth, I am rather ashamed of having been present at the trial. But an irresistible attraction drew me thither—I wanted to try and realise how a murderer feels in the dock;" and he shuddered at the recollection.

"Well, let's have a little more Nap," said Daigety, and I noticed that the stranger eagerly assented, as though anxious to get rid of the subject of our conversation.

While the game progressed we talked of fishing and the chance we had of getting good sport.

The stranger seemed interested in the subject, and incidentally mentioned that he was going away to recruit his health, though it struck me, when I looked at his bronzed visage and strong hands, that he seemed the reverse of ill.

When we told him we were going to Llandewy, and explained what a primitive out-of-the-way place it was, he expressed a strong desire to come with us. He was in search of some very quiet nook, as he had special reasons for avoiding the haunts of men for awhile.

What those reasons were he did not explain, nor did we ask, but cordially invited him to join our company. I perhaps need not add that, on grounds which will be readily surmised by the reader, I was anxious for this arrangement to be brought about.

When we arrived at Llandewy, while my companions hurried off to the river, rods in hand, I had a quiet walk and talk with the stranger.

He agreed with me that fishing with fly was better than fishing with bait, but his reason for coming to that conclusion was peculiar.

"It must be a horrible thing," he said with a shudder, "to have to stab a wretched worm through and through with a hook."

The expression he used was so singular in its application that I involuntarily stopped and looked at him. Why should he say "stab the worm," and appear so profoundly affected at the picture thus conjured up?

When we were about retiring to rest that night a hitch arose in the matter of accommodations.

The Welsh Arms is a small inn, and only two bedrooms were available for our reception. One contained a large and a small bed; the other a large bed only. Out of politeness to the stranger we offered him the small couch for his separate use. But to our surprise he evinced great perturbation at the notion of having other sleepers in the bed-room.

In fact he flatly, though quite civilly, refused to assent to any such arrangement. We wondered at his pertinacity on this point, though we naturally did not like to ask the reason.

In the end the landlord had to get Mr. Capper—that was his name—a bed at a cottage hard by.

The incident was of no particular moment except in so far as it tended to keep alive in my breast a certain suspicion which circumstances had awakened there.

The next day we were out betimes on a fishing exhibition. Graham, Daigety, and McTavish went off up the river, while I started down to try the lower rushes, accompanied by Mr. Capper. The latter had for some inscrutable reason shown a marked preference for my society.

He told me that he was the election agent of Mr. Wigsberry, who had just got into Parliament. We were constantly having serious talks concerning some of the problems of life, and I remembered afterwards with a strange thrill how persistent he was in arguing that it was sometimes right to do evil that good might come.

He eulogised the action of Jael when she slew the helpless Sisera, and he even defended the habit some people have of telling small fibs rather than seem impolite. He contended that it was excusable, nay almost praiseworthy, to practice an innocent deception upon a beloved object, if that deception was designed to further the happiness of that object.

This gave a new turn to my thoughts. Was he in love? And was there some mystery connected with that love affair?

My mind was greatly exercised by the consideration of these facts, which seemed to furnish a most important chain of circumstantial evidence pointing to only one conclusion. The attentive reader will have had no difficulty in discovering what the conclusion was.

Mr. Capper's bronzed face and hands seemed to point to a period of residence under a tropical sun; the curious habit he had (especially when first we made his

acquaintance) of concealing his face with his hand; his morbid interest in the murder trial; his desire for solitude and his refusal to share a bedroom with any one; his confession that he loved (this he admitted to me, and also that there had been an impediment to the success of his wooing and that that impediment had been, or was about to be, removed in a mysterious and uncanny way); and, lastly, his mortal perturbation at the thought of stabbing a worm, as though the notion conspired up some horrible association in his mind—all these things tended to strengthen one dreadful conviction!

The stranger was not an election agent, but was the murderer of Harriet Noble.

I cannot easily describe the horror which possessed me when the suspicion that this was the case rose before me, clothed in the dreadful garb of certainty.

For, apart from his crime I rather liked Mr. Capper. In many respects he seemed so simple and ingenuous that I could scarcely believe him to be the author of a tragedy.

At times he seemed even pious; but then on the other hand, there was the contradictory evidence of moral depravity shown by his partiality for Nap and the presence of a bottle of (good) whiskey in his portmanteau.

What ought I to do under the circumstances?

Should I inform my companions of my suspicions?

If I did this, the next step would assuredly be one painful to all concerned. We should instantly have to cut Mr. Capper. But would that be sufficient.

We might cut a man because he drops his h's or wears a frock coat and deer-stalker hat at noonday; it would savor of the absurd to apportion only the same punishment to a murderer.

No, I must either shroud the secret in my own breast or hand Capper over to justice.

In the end I resolved to wait upon events to see whether they confirmed or—what I dared scarcely hope would be the case—dissipated the suspicion which was eating all the joy out of my holiday.

The plot speedily thickened.

It was our custom after dinner to light our pipes, lean against the old church wall opposite the inn, and sing glees in the growing twilight.

One evening the landlord asked us if we would favor a small but select company assembled in the kitchen.

The apartment was of the old-fashioned sort; dark wainscoted, with a low ceiling, beneath which were ranged a goodly number of sides of bacon and hams. The wide fire-place contained two cozy chimney corners, the accomodation of which was amplified by the addition of a couple of settees.

Here we found seated, smoking and drinking beer, the village schoolmaster, treated with great respect as a man of learning; the shoemaker, middle aged, cadaverous, ragged, half-tipsy, and never without his fiddle, upon which he played snatches of airs, and then informed the company that he was the best fiddler in Radnorshire, and that it was dry work; the blacksmith, a strong, red faced fellow, good-natured enough when sober, but much given to quarrelling and fighting when in his cups; and some half a dozen farm laborers.

The fiddler and blacksmith were both in a musical mood, and were with difficulty persuaded to give us a chance.

Before we were through the first verse of "Poor Old Joe" (by request) they joined in, despite the remonstrances of the company.

Thereupon Graham somewhat peremptorily told them to be quiet—an order which the fiddler obeyed but the blacksmith disregarded. So Graham went up to the latter and observed—

"Look here, old stick-in-the-mud, if you can't keep quiet you'll have to clear out."

The blacksmith seemed much astonished at this intimation, coming, as it did, from a smaller man than himself. He staggered to his feet and seemed about to go for Graham, who stood calmly waiting the onslaught in the middle of the room.

Thereupon ensued a great commotion.

The landlady hung on the blacksmith and begged him to be quiet; the landlord strenuously urged Graham to get out of danger as quickly as he could; and Mr. Capper, from a place of safety behind the table, tendered good advice to the company generally. But all to no purpose.

Graham was a proficient in the noble art of self-defence, and had once been champion amateur feather weight.

He was determined to "have a bit of fun," as he phrased it, and, going out of the inn, waited for the blacksmith to follow.

This the latter soon did, incoherently vowing vengence on his antagonist.

The moon was shining brightly, so that all the incidents of the curious scene that followed were easily noted.

The blacksmith stood swaying about for a minute, until he perceived his antagonist standing a few feet from him.

Then he made an ugly rush, his right fist drawn back ready to inflict a tremendous blow. But Graham being much too quick for him, skilfully dodged the onslaught, and the blacksmith hit empty air. Very soon he got to be blown and weary, and was altogether bewildered by his adversary's tactics.

Pulling himself together he made a final rush; Graham dodged aside and put out his foot; the blacksmith tripped. But as he fell heavily to the ground he flung one of his arm wildly round, and, as ill-luck would have it, his fist landed with great force on the side of Graham's nose.

The blacksmith struggled to his feet, and stood for a moment while his friends urged him to go home.

We gathered around Graham, who exclaimed, "I believe the beggar has broken my nose," the while he tenderly felt the bridge of that organ.

Then it was when I noticed a very peculiar and significant act on the part of Mr. Capper.

With an eager look on his face he pressed towards Graham, with his right hand thrust into his breast pocket as though reaching for something.

Just as he seemed about to withdraw this something and place it in Graham's hand, he appeared smitten with a sudden fear—or was it remorse?

"Is your nose much hurt?" he asked.

"No; it's only a bit shaken," replied Graham; "though the rascal has a heavy hand."

The blacksmith was being led off the ground by his friends. Mr. Capper looked after him, and then at Graham, and then slowly withdrew his hand and buttoned up his coat.

We next adjourned to the inn, to laugh over the whole affair, and to anoint Graham's nose with a healing liniment.

I must confess that I felt in no particular laughing mood. I had witnessed what no one else had apparently observed.

It was plain to me as noonday that Mr. Capper had in his breast pocket some mysterious instrument which he had been momentarily tempted to place in Graham's hand.

What could this instrument be but a weapon with which Graham was to avenge the blow on the man?

Now I thought over the matter and I remembered that I had frequently observed the outward indication on Capper's coat of some hard substance of peculiar shape in his breast pocket. The conviction came home with redoubled force to my mind that this could only be the dagger with which the unhappy Harriet Noble had been foully murdered.

Some wonder may be felt that after this horrifying discovery (for it almost amounted to this) I should still continue to associate with the murderer. But I felt it now to be my sacred mission to hunt him down and for that purpose I resolved to stifle my feelings and preserve towards him the outward aspect of friendship.

That evening after we had returned from fishing another startling incident occurred.

We were performing our ablutions when a boy came hurriedly in with the news that a fine salmon was to be seen under the bridge. We hastily dried ourselves and ran off to see the sight.

As we went I remembered that Mr. Capper, being round at his cottage, would probably not have heard the news. My first thought was that it didn't much matter—what right have murderers to special consideration?

However, I hurried round to his cottage, determined that not by my instrumentality should he be deprived of one jot of such happiness as remained to him on earth. The door stood open, and I walked in and upstairs.

As I approached his room I heard his voice raised to a high pitch, exclaiming in tones of weird horror not unmingled with pathos, and a little also as though he had a cold in his head, the lines from "Eugene Aram":

"This horrid thig pursues my soul;
It stads before be dow."

I knocked at the door, but he did not hear me! I turned the handle and took one step in.

He was standing with his back towards me, evidently in a state of great agitation, sawing the air with his arm. The noise of my entrance caused him to stop and look round, covering his face with his right hand as he did so.

"What beads this idtrusion. Begod!" he exclaimed, angrily waving me off with the unoccupied hand.

I stood for a second unable to stir, while he rushed to the other side of the room, and, taking his hand from his face, concealed something in his open portmanteau. Then my presence of mind returned sufficiently to enable me to stammer out—

"There's a salmon under the bridge," and then I bolted.

When I reached the designated place I found an exciting scene progressing.

There was unquestionably a fine salmon in the deep, green pool under the bridge, for, looking from above, he could be plainly seen making solemn circuits, as though seeking a place of exit.

On both sides of the bank were groups of villagers, eagerly peering into the depths, some flinging stones into the water, others beating the surface with poles, in the hope of driving the fish into the shallows above or below.

Mr. Capper presently joined us, looking nervous and distraught. I noticed that he carefully avoided my eye. In truth I had no particular desire to meet his. The scene at the cottage was too recent and significant.

The salmon declined to be driven out of its hidingplace, so we returned to dinner.

I lay awake for a considerable time that night considering what I had better do. Things could not go on much longer as they were. Our holiday was drawing to a close for one thing: for another, the strain on my nervous system was becoming insupportable.

I regretted that I had not been courageous enough to accuse him in the bedroom, and wring the truth from him by force; if necessary. I determined to do this on the very next opportunity.

Curiously enough this presented itself on the morrow.

It being our last day we resolved to make the best possible use of the time. We breakfasted half an hour earlier than usual, so as to get off soon.

Mr. Capper seemed particularly cast down; and intimated his intention of going for a long solitary walk. I half suggested accompanying him, but he somewhat curtly (as I thought) declined the offer.

So we went our different ways.

Graham and Dalgety walked to Llandrindod, purposing to fish down the stream home; McTavish started from the bridge in the opposite direction; and I walked up stream, intending to go on until I met the other two.

About two miles from the village in the direction I was going the Camdyr joins the Ithon. It is a mere streamlet, but at times good trout can be taken from it.

What induced me to determine to fish it on that particular day the world will never know. Even I at this distance of time cannot satisfactorily determine, though I think it was because a little way up the Camdyr there was a spring of pure water which mixed exceedingly well with whiskey. On such small hinges do the great events of our life turn.

Just before the Camdyr runs into the Ithon it passes under a bridge. By the side of this I went down, and walked up the stream for about 500 yards.

If any of my readers should at any time chance to be on the spot, and will make the same excursion, he (or she) will come upon a very pretty spot, just the other side of some bushes, where the stream opens out into a bright, rippling sheet which the noonday sun fitfully illumines through the umbrageous glories overhead.

This is the place where I wrung Mr. Capper's secret from his reluctant breast.

I had just pushed my way through the bushes when I caught sight of him. He was sitting at the edge of the stream, with his back towards me.

The noise of the water prevented his hearing my approach, but I could hear him muttering to himself. Then I saw him take something from his breast pocket, hold it in his hand, and gaze upon it.

I could not distinguish what the thing was, but I distinctly saw the flash of metal in the sunlight.

Then he held it in the stream and let the water play over it. ("The stream will run dry before it washes the stain of guilt away," I thought to myself.) Then he bent down, and pressed his face convulsively in his hands. I pitied him from my heart, but I had a stern duty to perform.

I stepped forward and coughed. He sprang to his feet, and put his hands behind him. His face was pale, except about the nose, which looked red and irritated.

"Mr. Capper," I said, in a voice of suppressed emotion, "it is useless to carry on this deception further. I have discovered your secret."

"What business is it of yours?" he replied. "I have noticed your inquisitiveness of late, and thought it extremely unfriendly of you."

Unfriendly. I marvelled at the callousness of the man.

"Capper," I cried, dropping the Mr. (how empty seemed titles of courtesy at that awful moment!) "this is trifling. Your conscience tells you that I have only done my duty in tracking you down if only in memory of that unhappy woman——"

"What!" he said, excitedly, "did you, then, know Maria?"

"Miserable man," I said, now losing all sympathy for him, "this prevarication will not serve your purpose. Her name was Harriet, and you know it."

"Then she deceived me," he cried with bitter emphasis; "I always knew her as Maria. But why speak of that now? Do you mean to expose me?"

"Yes," I said sternly, "it will be my painful duty to do so. You must give me the—implement of evil—which you are concealing; and you must consider yourself in my custody until we reach London."

"Never!" exclaimed Mr. Capper, vehemently; "your custody, indeed! The article is mine, and I will not give it up."

"Then I must take it from you," I said.

"Try to," observed Capper.

To tell the truth the operation did not seem particularly easy.

My antagonist was an active man—he had confessed to me that he was devoted to lawn tennis—and he was now clearly determined to make a last desperate struggle for life and liberty.

Moreover, there was the fact that he was better armed with the fatal dagger than I with a comparatively ineffective (for the purpose of offence) landing net. Yet I was not to be deterred by considerations such as these.

With a half-uttered invocation to Heaven I advanced determinedly towards him.

He was standing within a couple of feet of the river, which at that point made a sharp bend and formed a deep pool on the side nearest to us.

The land being of a light and loamy character the rush of water steadily undermined the bank, portions of which frequently gave way, especially after rain. Fortunately for me it had rained the previous night.

Thus it came about that when I advanced towards Mr. Capper, and he instinctively fell back a pace, the ground suddenly sank beneath his feet, and the next moment he was up to his middle in the water, and clutching frantically at the grass to prevent slipping in further.

His extremity was my opportunity. Catching him by the arm I cried—

"Give me that dagger!"

He stared wildly at me, as though not understanding what I said. But I was not to be denied.

Seizing his right hand I unclasped the closed fingers and wrested from his grasp—

A Nose Machine—a brass affair for screwing on to the nasal organ and improving its shape.

* * * * * *

I assisted Mr. Capper to the bank and in a few brief words explained the mistake I had made. He readily accepted my apologies, for his nether person was very wet. Then I trotted him home to the inn, and had him put to bed and his clothes dried. After swallowing a stiff glass of whiskey and water he told me the story of his life.

He was in love with Mr. Wigsberry's eldest daughter, and had even fancied that his passion was returned. But one day he overheard a younger sister say that she was sure Maria would never marry a man with his nose all on one side.

Deeply wounded at this remark he had determined to spend his Whitsuntide vacation in solitude—with a nose machine.

The reason why he would not share a bedroom with any one was his desire to keep the machine on in bed.

He was accustomed to perform at penny readings; and when I caught him under such suspicious circumstances reciting "Eugene Aram," in his bedroom, he was only endeavoring to form a notion of how his voice would sound under altered nasal conditions.

His dislike of impaling worms on hooks was due to the fact that he was really a very humane man.

When Graham fought the blacksmith, what he was on the point of giving the former was—not a dagger, but the nose machine. His partiality for whiskey and Nap was really the only remains of the Old Adam in him.

It was very satisfactory to learn all this. But the discovery had the drawback that it left the murder of Harriet Noble an unsolved mystery.

The Tiger Man.

BY J. M. C.

WHEN at Bombay some years since, making preparations to go up the country to execute an order for six tigers for Amsterdam, a very singular personage crossed my path.

I had been in India for two years as the agent of a great German animal house, and had sub-agents in a dozen districts.

We were constantly forwarding serpents, jackals, hyenas, wolves, buffaloes, tigers, and such curiosities as fell into our traps, and now and then received an extra order. The order for "six wild, full-grown tigers, males preferred," came from Egypt.

Messages were sent to sub-agents; and I got ready for a trip to the north-east, among the tiger jungles.

One afternoon a stranger was announced under the name of Gwal. He was a tall, dignified person; but his face was so horribly disfigured that I couldn't repress a start of surprise.

He had been born with a single eye, and that almost in the centre of his face. His nose was like that of a dog, and his mouth was wide, almost without lips, and full of fangs.

He evidently expected to see me look at him with surprise. He gave me plenty of time, and then, bowing very low, he said—

"I am told the sahib is a hunter of beasts."

"Yes."

"You capture them alive?"

"Yes."

"I should like to go with you. I am called the Tiger Man. I am not afraid of any wild beast. No animal dares attack me."

He informed me that he had come from a village called Jobpur, on the Godavery river, 200 miles away, and that scores of people would vouch for the truth of his statements.

Twice within the year I had heard of this man and his wonderful doings, but had put no faith in the stories.

That he possessed wonderful magnetism over the animal creation he soon gave me proofs.

The next bungalow on the right was occupied by Captain Thomas, of the Native Infantry. He had a savage dog chained up in the rear of the house.

The brute was dangerous and had not been free from his chain for two months. The servants had to throw him his food, and even the captain dared not go within reach.

"If you are a tiger man you are not afraid of a savage dog?" I queried, as he finished a statement of his wonderful powers.

"Lead me to the beast," he curtly replied.

The captain was at home, and I went over and told him of the native's presence. Then we called the man over, and after the captain had satisfied his curiosity he said to him—

"You may be a brave man, but do not expose yourself. My dog will kill you if you go near him. I shall have him shot this week."

"Your dog will cower and whine," soberly answered Gwal.

"Well, the risks be on your own head."

We passed around the bungalows and through a gate, and the dog, who was about fifty feet away, at once sprang up and tugged savagely at his chain. There could be no doubt of his savage fury.

His eyes blazed, he frothed at the mouth, and his efforts to break the stout chain filled me with alarm. The native waited a minute before showing himself.

As soon as he stepped in front of us there was a change in the dog's demeanor. Indeed, he seemed to dodge, as if a missile had passed close to his ear.

The native slowly approached, and before he was within ten feet of him the dog was lying down and uttering whines for mercy.

Gwal unfastened the color on his neck, spoke three or four words in a low voice, and then walked about, and the dog followed at his heels.

Such a change from savage fury to utter servility was astounding. It was plain that the dog was cowed and afraid, and that Gwal had wonderful powers.

He approached us, and as he came close up to the dog never raised his eyes to give us a look. He kept his eyes on the ground, and we could see that he was in a tremble of fear.

"Is the sahib satisfied?" quietly asked Gwal at the end of ten minutes.

"Yes."

He readjusted the collar, and the dog slunk into his box, so subdued and overcome that a child might have used a whip on him.

While this adventure with the dog did not prove that Gwal would have equal success with wild beasts, I saw that he was a valuable man for our party, and at once engaged him.

He stated that the district from which he came was infested with many large serpents and wild beasts, and his suggestions as to our proceedings were very businesslike and valuable. Besides the six of us regularly engaged in the traffic, a number of officers were allowed to accompany us, they having leave of absence, and desiring to go on a hunt.

We occupied twelve days on the journey which were without startling incident, and one afternoon arrived in good shape at the village of Jophur.

Without a hint to me, in some manner yet unknown, the Tiger Man had sent word on ahead, and the first thing we saw on entering the village were six stout cages, which the natives had constructed to hold the six tigers we had come for. It was a case of providing the cage before the bird was caught, and it settled my belief that Gwal was what he claimed to be.

We received a warm welcome at the village, and after a little the head man told me further about the Tiger Man.

He had been found in the forest when only a couple of weeks old, and had ever since been regarded as only half human.

He possessed a strange power over wild and domestic animals, and had several times compelled man-eating tigers to follow him into and about the village like a dog.

When I asked why he had not used this power to clear the district of its many dangerous pests, he explained that Gwal, when thus magnetizing a beast, was deprived of his physical strength to such an extent that he could do them no injury.

That evening, just at sundown, we had a fair example of his extraordinary powers.

One of the largest and fiercest hyenas I had ever seen suddenly appeared on the edge of the thicket, about 300 feet away, and stood and gazed at us, and bristled up with anger. Gwal was called for, and he started for the beast at an ordinary gait.

At first the beast acted as if it meant to attack him. Then it showed signs of running away. Then, as he drew nearer, it crawled upon its belly and began to whine, and we saw that it was terrified.

The man uttered some words we did not catch, and started to return, and lo! the hyena crept at his heels, fell dragging on the ground, and its whole demeanor that of abject fear.

Gwal walked past us and around us, between the huts and around them, and the beast gave us no attention whatever. It panted, as after a hard run, and one could see that it was actually suffering.

When Gwal had satisfied us, he led the hyena to the outskirts of the village, pointed to the thicket, and exclaimed "Go!" and the beast slunk off as if in fear of its life.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" gasped each one of us in turn.

It was more like a miracle.

Gwal stood near us, leaning up against a tree as if greatly worn out, and when we went over to him, we found him covered with perspiration. The old woman with whom he made his home led him away after a little, and we saw no more of him until next morning.

Before we turned in for the night the head man told us that at least four man-eating tigers had their haunts within a radius of ten miles, and that we should depend upon Gwal and let him manage the campaign against them as he thought best. There was no need of firearms, and Gwal would sooner or later find an occupant for each cage.

He talked of caging up full-grown tigers as carelessly as another man would of trapping house rats, but he knew the Tiger Man better than we did.

At sunrise next morning Gwal was all right. I had agreed to pay him $15 per month and his keep when he set out with us.

This was a magnificent sum in the eyes of a native, but I now told him that if he preferred I would give him $100 for six tigers.

He jumped at the offer, and his very first move was to run to the bank of the river and bargain with the owner of a rude but sea-worthy barge to float the six cages down to the water on the eastern part of the peninsula for us. The distance by river was 100 miles, and there would be eight of us in the party.

The owner of the craft agreed to take us and the tigers, feed us well, and employ two extra helpers for a sum equal to about $12.

When I told him I would make it $50 he came near sinking down in astonishment, and for an hour or two moved about like one in a dream.

Here, then, we prepared our cages, contracted for our passage, and none of us had yet seen so much as the tip end of a tiger's tail. After breakfast, when we were ready to move, Gwal said to me—

"I know the lair of a couple of tigers. It is distant about an hour. I shall go and bring in one. No one must come with me, and you must not fire your guns or make a noise. Let one of the cages be placed under that tree over there, and in a couple of hours it shall be occupied by a fine tiger. The last time I saw him he had a sore ear. It should now be well."

It made us stare hard at each other to hear a man talking that way, but I had the cage carried to the spot designated, and Gwal took his leave as if simply going out to search for a bird's nest.

When he had disappeared the head man advised that the villagers go indoors and keep quiet, and our band was divided in half and placed in trees where we could plainly see the cage.

Stray rumors of Gwal's wonderful magnetic powers had reached the ears of the three British officers, and they had seen the performance with the hyena with eyes wide open, but they were sceptical as to his powers over a tiger. All of us were for that matter.

The idea of a man, no matter what gifts he had, bringing a fierce man-eater to cower in fear, was too absurd for belief. But Gwal settled it to our satisfaction as well as chagrin.

In two hours and twenty minutes after departure he reappeared, and right at his heels, and acting the same as the hyena had acted, was the largest tiger I ever saw. It was plain that the beast was terrorized. A whipped puppy could not have shown more servility.

Gwal came along at a moderate gait, swinging a hand on either side of him, and apparently paying no heed to the tiger, but all those in our tree were sure we heard him mumbling under his breath. The tiger never looked up, nor to the right or left, but kept his head down. As they halted at the cage, Gwal threw up his hand, as one does when he wants a dog to jump, and the man-eater bounded into the cage and cowered in a corner.

The native secured the door in a leisurely manner and then approached us.

We were now on the ground, and as he came up we noticed that he was in a tremble and very weak.

"The other one was not at home, to-day but I will have him to-morrow," he said. "I will now lie down for a little time."

Could we believe our own eyes? Were we dreaming? There was the living proof of Gwal's wonderful powers, and what could we say?

We moved down to the cage to get a closer view of the beast, and the sight of us and our presence broke the strange spell. For the next half hour the tiger was wild with fury, and a dozen different times it seemed to us that he would regain his liberty. Every bar held, however, and he finally tired himself out and became more quiet.

Gwal slept until three o'clock in the afternoon, when he came forth refreshed and full of talk.

The tiger was then raving about his cage, but the instant the man appeared he cowered and was as quiet as a lamb.

The next afternoon his mate was brought in as he had been, and within a week we had four tigers.

We then moved to a spot about eighteen miles away, and Gwal brought in two others, both males.

His performance was the same in each case, and in each case his demeanor and that of the beast was the same. It was magnetism developed to a most wonderful degree.

That single eye of his was a blaze of fire when he started out. We could all feel his electricity.

Protected as he was, the man had no fear of any living thing, and twice I saw him pick up poisonous serpents and carry them along for half a mile.

When the six tigers were stowed away on the barge I paid Gwal his $100, and added $50 to it.

He was not to go with us, but in case I wanted more tigers I was to come to him. We went down the river safely; and twice in after years I heard from this strange [illegible].

He once shipped me four tigers on speculation, and made a neat sum by it; then came the news of his death—torn to pieces by a tiger. The native who gave me the news explained—

"When asleep he had no power. It was the fire in his eye which cowed the beasts. He fell asleep outside the hut one evening, and a tiger crept up and killed him and carried him off."

How He Managed It.—Two friends who had not seen each other for some time met in the corridor of an hotel.

"Jackson, how are you getting along since your marriage?"

"First rate," Jackson answered.

"I didn't think you would," his friend replied, "when I heard that you had married a poetess."

"Yes, some of my friends advised me not to marry her, declaring that it would be impossible for us to get along, but I do get along with her!"

"How do you manage it, Jackson?"

"I praise her poetry!"

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A favorite way of raising money in England is by getting up Cinderella dances. The Chelsea Hospital for Women started the idea, and have their reward in a yearly income of from three to four thousand dollars cheerfully danced into their coffers. Now there are several other Richmonds in the field, and it will soon be necessary to strike out a new notion, as London people may frequently find it possible to get too much of even good things.

A "Lady Guide Association" has been started for London by a philanthropic young lady, to provide educated women as guides for strangers who do not know where to shop or to find anything they may want or at what hotel to lodge. The Duke of Wellington leads the patrons, and it will go. The guides will have regular allowances, and will be forbidden to accept any extra gratuities or commission from shopkeepers.

An unconscious act of a little four-year-old child saved its father from punishment in the Police Court lately in Cincinnati. The child, with its mother, was in court to witness the trial of its father, a bookkeeper, who was charged with failing to provide for his family. It was during the hearing of the testimony, that the little tot left his mother's side, and toddling over to where the prisoner stood, reached up and took his hand, saying, "Come on, papa," as though to lead him back to where the injured wife was standing. Simple as the scene was, yet it was powerful in its effects, for the judge dismissed the prisoner with a warning to give up his bad habits and cherish his interesting family, of whom he should have been proud.

Some months ago while a physician of Boston was attending a mother and her newborn child, a bulldog, a great pet in the family, got in the room, and jealous of the attentions paid to the little one attempted to bite it. The doctor successfully defended the baby and got it out of the room in the arms of the nurse but then the dog attacked him, and, before he could subdue it, the vicious brute bit him so that he was confined to the house for some days. The doctor, when he had recovered, wanted the mother, whose infant he had saved, to pay for the time he had lost on account of the bites of her dog, but could get no compensation until he had appealed to the law. He has just obtained a verdict of $700 damages against the lady.

The number of children sent alone on long railroad journeys appear to be increasing. Within about a week there have been mentioned no less than half a dozen of such travelers. Among them were two New Hampshire girls, age 4 and 7 years respectively, who got off the train at New Haven, Conn., thinking they had reached their journey's end. The little ones looked around for their mother, who had promised to meet them at the depot, but not seeing her, began to cry. Kind-hearted persons, as is usual in such cases, saw that the children were safely aboard on the right train, and then telegraphed to the mother, informing her of the girls' mistake, and telling when the pair would reach the metropolis.

A conductor on a street car line in New York lately noticed that women have an aversion to accepting pennies in change, although they pay their fares in money of that denomination oftener than any other class of riders. He doesn't know, either, why such is the case, and can only say in explanation that "it's their way." He adds, "I've seen women hunt in every pocket they had for the pennies then rather give a nickel, and if they don't have pennies they give over the nickel in a way that means pretty plainly that they certainly don't think they ought to do it. They stand in with each other, too on it. I've seen one women help another out with some of her own pennies that I should get them for fare. But you let me offer them pennies in change and see how quick they object. If I can help it I don't offer them pennies, for it isn't pleasant. When I am obliged to do it, and see the way I'm gazed at, and hear the remarks made, I feel like some sort of a criminal."

A marriage of a romantic nature took place lately at Portland, Ind., and a telegram from there tells of the affair as follows: Hiram Olem of Harrison, Mo., aged 38, and Miss Lucy Miller, aged 19 a resident of Pennsylvania, met by agreement here Saturday, neither having before seen the other, the acquaintance having grown out of an advertisement in a matrimonial paper. The courtship and engagement were conducted entirely by correspondence. The bride-elect arrived in town Friday morning and the other contracting party at noon. The lady by agreement was to wear a broad white ribbon which he had sent her as the insignia by which he was to know her. They met on the street, he introduced himself and they at once repaired to the parlors of a hotel. A marriage license was procured and 'Squire Simmons was called in to tie the knot. At 2 o'clock they boarded a train en route for the West, where the bridegroom owns a farm.

He who does a good is instantly ennobled; he who does a mean deed, is by the action itself contracted and self degraded.

R. R. R.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs
Inflammation, Sciatica,
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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

In cases of LUMBAGO and RHEUMATISM, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF NEVER FAILS to give immediate ease.

The following was received by mail through W. H. Blyth, Druggist, Mt. Pleasant, Texas.

MR. W. H. BLYTH—Sir: "In compliance with your request to furnish you with the results of my knowledge and experience with Dr Radway's R. R., in reply I can say that I have been using Radway's Remedies since 1852. I know the Ready Relief to be unsurpassed for Colds, Pleurisy, Pneumonia and diseases growing out of colds, for Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism and Aches, and pains generally than any remedy I have ever known tried. From my personal knowledge of the Radway Remedies, I think them all superior to any remedies of which I have any knowledge, for all the ills for which they are recommended.

Respectfully,
T. H. SKIDMORE,
Pastor Green Hill Presbyterian Church.

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THE SAFEST AND MOST CERTAIN

PAIN REMEDY

In the world, that instantly stops the most excruciating pains. It never fails to give ease to the sufferer. Pain from whatever cause arising; it is truly the great

CONQUEROR OF PAIN!

And has done more good than any known remedy. For a pain whether in the [illegible], neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, sprains, bruises, bites of insects, stiff neck, pain and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the [illegible], pleurisy, swelling of the [illegible], sciatica, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Croup, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague Chills, Chilblains, Frost-bites.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS

The Great Liver Remedy.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. DR. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, loss of appetite, [illegible], costiveness, indigestion, biliousness, fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

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Our Young Folks.

THE GOLDEN WHEELBARROW.

BY LINDSAY.

IT WAS a cold dark December afternoon, and Lizzie Roy sat rumpled up in the depths of a large arm-chair in her mother's drawing room. In the depths of low spirits also, for, as she herself had remarked, she had nothing to do, and there was no right to do it in.

A story-book, which she had just finished reading through for the third time, lay half-open on the floor where it had fallen from her listless hands; her head was thrown back, her hair was exceedingly untidy, and her eyes stared up at the star-shaped plaster ornament in the center of the ceiling, the lines and patterns of which were more strongly delineated than had been originally intended by the designer owing to the vast accumulation of London soot settled thereon.

Mrs. Roy, in contrast to her little daughter was busily occupied, writing letters at an open desk, which, laden with masses of paper and envelopes, neatly docketed bills, and red "house-books," opened to Lizzie's mind one of those terrible "grown-up" mysteries whereinto she had no desire to peer.

Her mother's work-basket, the lid only partly raised, yet revealing a tempting collection of gaily-colored satins, bright skeins of pure silk, and steel beads were quite another matter.

For whatever Lizzie's inclination might be, there was a law as strict as those of the Medes and the Persians that her mother's work-basket must never be touched.

Indeed, that such a fiat had gone forth was not to be wondered at when the state of Lizzie's own work-basket was considered, for, from that unlucky receptacle, it was always quite impossible to extract any single article without producing everything else also, in a hopeless chaotic bunch crumbled and knotted materials.

Thus it happened that Lizzie was distinctly dull, whilst Mrs. Roy quietly wrote on with the aid of the one taper she had lighted, and the rest of the room grew darker and darker, the shades of twilight presently mingling with the fog and dull grey atmosphere of that dreary afternoon.

From time to time Lizzie emitted long-drawn sighs; and these, as they gradually increased in number and heaviness, finally touched her mother's heart, so that she wheeled round on her chair and exclaimed smilingly:

"My poor Liz, you seem to be in a very bad way indeed."

"Yes, mamma," answered Lizzie so discontentedly that her mother's smile broadened into a laugh.

"What can I do for you?"

"I don't know, mamma," answered Lizzie with much sadness.

"My dear child, you have been so good during the last week that I am quite sorry to see you give way now. Suppose you cheer up a little. What would you say if I told you that I have been thinking you might ask two or three little friends to tea?"

"Oh, mamma!" cried Lizzie, her face changing suddenly from darkness to dawn. "May I invite Annie and May?"

"Yes, certainly," replied her mother; "the Burnsides are very nice children. I will ask my sister to let your cousin Johnny come, and you might have Marian Brown also. That would make quite a nice little party."

"Oh mamma, it would be delightful!" exclaimed Lizzie, who had now scrambled out of her chair, who was now engaged in joyfully hopping up and down the room on one foot. "Annie Burnside, you know, is my special friend."

"Yes I know," answered Mrs. Roy; "but I am not quite sure, whilst we are about it, that we had not better invite the little Tomlinsons also."

"All right, mamma!" quoth Lizzie.

She was now attempting to hop on the other foot, which, being the left, rendered her performance less successful than before. She was nothing daunted however.

"Oh mamma, mamma, thank you so much!

My dear Annie,
Pray come to tea,"

"That's a good idea!" remarked Mrs. Roy thoughtfully, her pen lightly poised on her fingers; "you are always making nonsense rhymes, Lizzie—suppose you write a poetical invitation to your friend."

"Oh no, mamma, exclaimed Lizzie in shyness and fear; "oh, no, no!"

"Oh, yes," returned Mrs. Roy encouragingly; "it would be nice, why not? Here, take this pencil and paper, Lizzie I will light you another candle, and you shall sit down and invoke the Muses. Yes, do, child, it is good practice, and after all, but a small pittance to pay for the pleasure of your coming tea-party."

Lizzie pouted a little, but could not refuse. She made a heroic effort to compose her letter, but, somehow, the rhymes which came so easily and naturally when they were not wanted, obstinately refused to appear at all when they were entreated.

Lizzie's Muse was decidedly "coy," as the older poets have it; and meanwhile, the poor child's furrowed forehead was a sad sight to see, and while nibbled the top of her mother's pencil the wood cracked and the lead came tumbling out.

At last, however, probably remembering Mademoiselle's favorite proverb (often quoted in the righteous cause of French grammar about Patience doing everything) Lizzie arrived safely at the end of her poetical effusion.

In silence and with very red cheeks she handed it to her mother, who amid a number of scratches and hieroglyphics, deciphered the following:

"My dear Annie,
I write to say
Pray come to tea,
And also May,
Please come at four.
I'll say no more,
But now I'll end,
Your loving friend."

"That's all, mamma," ejaculated Lizzie with a deeper sigh than ever.

"It's very nice, my dear," said Mrs. Roy a little dubiously, "only—only you haven't named the day."

"Oh dear, oh dear, exclaimed Lizzie impetuously, burying her face in the cushions of the chair, "how I do hate the detestible letter!"

Then, sitting up suddenly she said:

"Mayn't I add it as a postscript at the end, mamma?" she asked. "Please come on Thursday?"

"I don't think that would sound very well," said Mrs Roy. "Can't you try again, Lizzie dear? Great poets polish up their poems tremendously, you know."

"But mamma, I'm not a great poet," replied Lizzie with convenient humility.

"That's true," answered her mother laughing, and feeling that Lizzie had decidedly the best of the argument this time, "Well, try again, dear, all the same, and if you can't manage it otherwise we'll put it in a postscript."

Lizzie, feeling that she had gained something in the discussion, went to work cheerfully, and after a few minutes produced the amended poem, indicating Thursday.

"I don't think it's as right as it ought to be," murmured Lizzie apologetically, for she was positively growing interested in her verses.

"Never mind, it will do," answered Mrs. Roy, kissing her; "especially as you really tried. Now go to the schoolroom, and write out a nice copy."

Thursday came. During the interval Lizzie had received a stiff little note of acceptance from Annie Burnside, indited in a large round hand, and expressed as follows:

"DEAR LIZZIE:—Mamma wishes me to write a line to thank you for your kind invitation, which she has given permission for May and me to accept.

"With much love I remain
"Dear Lizzie,
"Yours sincerely,
"ANNIE LUCILLA FRANCES BURNSIDE."

This short but severe epistle had somewhat chilled Lizzie. In it was not the very faintest allusion to her poem.

Poets are apt to be over sensitive, we are told, and Lizzie, though by no means aiming to be considered a lyric writer, was yet assuredly somewhat chilled.

She was afraid that her meeting with Annie Burnside would, in consequence, become slightly constrained. In fact she grew desperately shy about the whole affair.

However, several things compensated for her feeling of shyness, and filled her thoughts with the gladness of anticipation.

Mademoiselle thoroughly entered into the spirit of the tea-party.

"We must make it quite a 'fete,'" she said; she even went so far as to present her pupil with a bunch of chrysanthemums to deck the table.

Nay, she went further still, for she busied herself in sorting all the wandering pieces belonging to two or three doll's tea-services, which, when nicely arranged on a Japanese tray presented what she termed a "harlequin effect."

Sarah the schoolroom maid, contributed her share of preparation towards the entertainment by carefully washing and ironing the two white frocks of Lizzie's favorite dolls.

One was adorned with a blue sash, the other decked with pink ribbons. Lizzie was dressed with white also, whilst Mademoiselle, not be behind any of them in point of costume, donned her Sunday gown, and her best brooch, which latter contained a pressing device wrought in hair of some of her lost relatives, representing a tombstone and a weeping willow of microscopic dimensions.

Just before dinner-time, Mrs. Roy entered the schoolroom carrying a large white paper parcel, tied up with gold thread, which she handed to the astonished Lizzie, saying:

"My dear child, your kind Aunt Mary has sent you a present from Paris."

Lizzie, much delighted, uttered many ohs and ahs of exclamation, and fumbled at the thread which she finally cut, contrary to good Miss Edgeworth's precepts regarding the value of string.

When the paper was torn aside a beautiful box was disclosed to view, made of colored woods, (inlaid so as to form a pattern,) and lined with satin.

But it was not so much the satin lining which entranced Lizzie, as that the box contained a number of little toys fashioned of gilt metal and wire.

These represented different objects—one a miniature chair, another a tiny table, a third a basket, a fourth a hat.

What Lizzie most preferred was a Lilliputian wheelbarrow, the top of which really opened and shut with little flaps, whilst the wheels could absolutely be made to go round.

Each of these toys was glued to a small cardboard box, covered with velvet, and containing sugar plums. Lizzie had never seen anything so delightful in all her life.

The wooden box itself fastened with a lock and key, and the key hung from a long green satin ribbon.

Lizzie's eyes took in the delightful sight; she sat silently turning over each of the little golden playthings, imagining to herself how she would purchase diminutive Dutch dolls, and dress them, and make them sit on the golden chair, and dine at the golden table; above all, they should wheel the little golden wheelbarrow!

Lizzie had drifted into a land of dreams peopled with the most lovely dolls and miraculous furniture, when her mother's voice suddenly awoke her.

"How very, very delightful, Lizzie!" exclaimed Mrs. Roy. "How lucky that these things should have arrived, to-day, the very day of your tea-party! Why, you will be able to give every one of your friends a present out of your box! What a delightful surprise for them and for you! I am sure that it will be a real pleasure to you to distribute these beautiful little toys, won't it, dear?"

Lizzie looked up quickly. There was something in her throat which seemed about to choke her. She could not answer immediately.

"Of course you must not give them unless you would really like to, darling," said her mother.

"Oh, but I should, mamma," said Lizzie hastily.

"Would you really, dear? quite, quite sure?"

"Oh yes, mamma," answered Lizzie, and thereupon Lizzie's mother went away convinced and satisfied.

But in the child's heart there remained anything but satisfaction.

Her feelings were very mixed; she could not disentangle them. However, she had no leisure to do so.

Mademoiselle was fingering the pretty little toys.

"Ah, that will be very charming!" she said. Then came the loud peal of the dinner-bell, and Lizzie had to run down stairs and eat roast mutton and mashed potatoes and cauliflower, and force away all thoughts of the golden wheelbarrow.

Yet, a solitary hope remained to her: she had not counted over the toys and there might be one left for herself. If such was the case, she would assuredly keep the wheelbarrow.

She was so impatient to go back to the schoolroom in order to ascertain this, the Mrs. Roy, who imagined her to be eager to prepare for the tea-party, let her go speedily, smiling as Lizzie rushed from the dining room.

With trembling hands the child took from the inlaid box all the little toys on their velvet stands; then counted over the names of her friends on her fingers. The two Burnsides, the two Tomlinsons, Cousin Johnny and Marian Brown—six children. There were surely seven toys. No, she had counted them over wrongly; she recommenced; one, two, three, four, five, six; why, where was the wheelbarrow? Alas, she had already counted the wheelbarrow! There were six toys as there were to be six guests; cruel Fate had so willed it.

For an instant a terrible thought flashed across Lizzie's mind

If one of the children, say one of the little Tomlinsons, for whom she did not care very much, could but have a slight cold, a cold which would bring no pain or suffering with it, barely even discomfort, yet keep its owner safely housed at home! But Lizzie's kind heart was filled with contrition even as the thought came into her head, and she further reflected that under such circumstances she could do nothing less than send the wheelbarrow home to console the absent one.

Well, there was no help for it. At least her mother should know how much she grudged giving the toys.

She almost wondered to herself why she should grudge them, and she endeavored as courageously as she could to smooth her brow, and put on a fair aspect with the fair white frock that Sarah the schoolroom-maid had laid out on the bed.

As four o'clock struck there was a ring at the door, and shortly afterwards the young Burnsides entered the schoolroom. They were good-natured children whose own home was somewhat a rough one.

They were fond of games and fun and romping and had few yearnings for intellectual or higher cultivation, but withal, Annie Burnside was a good little girl, and one whom Lizzie was always delighted to meet.

The Burnsides made their appearance alone, for their governess had numerous duties, being the only teacher in a large family where several elder girls engrossed much of the time.

A moment later, and in came cousin Johnny, tearing and roaring according to his wont.

He had been left at the door by his kindly stout old Scotch nurse, whose sounding kiss as she parted from him echoed through the staircase and passages.

Then came Marian Brown, a self-possessed little person who arrived by herself in her mother's carriage, and told Lizzie at once with much decision that the carriage was to call for her again after it had taken her parents to a dinner party.

Last of all came the Tomlinsons two frail, helpless-looking children, leaning, physically and mentally, one on each side of their governess, a tall, angular, nervous Englishwoman, who herself seemed disposed to lean up against her pupils.

They entered the schoolroom in a confused heap. Maria the Tomlinson, (for whom by-the-by Lizzie entertained a singular antipathy,) gazed sentimentally at her young hostess with large lustrous blue eyes, whilst her long flaxen curls seemed hopelessly entangled in a white shetland shawl which was wrapped about her head and shoulders. From this shawl Madeline stretched out a dainty small white hand, as she murmured:

"How d'ye do, Lizzie? I hope you are quite well." But her little sister Fanny, whose face was quite hidden in her governess's voluminous merino gown, said nothing at all!

Meanwhile Mademoiselle, who on such occasions became a perfect tower of strength hurried forward to the rescue.

It were too long to describe the ceremony of tea, which took place shortly afterwards—Mademoiselle sitting jovially at the head of the table with a doll on either knee, and the dolls' tea-set in front of her, whilst Lizzie waited on her friends, and Miss Maitland gazed somewhat sadly at the whole proceeding.

Mrs. Roy came in for a few minutes during the entertainment, and kissed the children all round, and asked after their mothers; then, when they had all eaten a great deal of brown bread and butter, and toast, and white bread, they began to demolish the buns and gingerbread-nuts and parliament cakes, and marmalade and strawberry jam and apricot jam.

The Tomlinsons, despite their sentimental appearance ate the most of all, and, indeed Madeline showed but slight consideration for others, replenishing her own plate often, and with such avidity that the young Burnsides stared round-eyed and open-mouthed, and Marian Brown giggled.

After tea Lizzie went silently across the room and fetched the inlaid box, and then requested Mademoiselle to distribute the golden toys.

"No, no," quoth Mademoiselle emphatically. "It is you Lizzie, you to give them, your own self."

But Lizzie shook her head, and insisted so earnestly that Mademoiselle at last stood up, waved her hand, and made a beautiful little speech in French that nobody except her own pupil and Marian understood, presenting each child in Lizzie's own name with one of the Parisian toys.

Why did cruel fate so decree that Madeline Tomlinson should be the happy recipient of the diminutive wheelbarrow?

It gave Lizzie's heart an extra pang to see her dainty toy in that particular child's hand.

Then Mademoiselle, with a look that meant a great deal, gave back the empty box to her pupil.

Immediately afterwards, with the aid of several sturdy volunteers, the schoolroom table was pushed into a corner, and a space cleared for "Hunt-the Slipper."

One of May Burnside's little red shoes did duty for the slipper, her feet being the smallest and daintiest.

After a while, however, the children, tired of the noisy game, fell to talking, sitting close together in a group, whilst Mademoiselle tried to engage Miss Maitland in a conversation which progressed under difficulties, owing to Mademoiselle's imperfect English, and the English lady's utter ignorance of French.

The children discussed their favorite books, and the amusing things they heard of late, and the golden toys were somewhat roughly handled during this chatter.

"I have been reading about the fairy Abracadabra," said Madeline Tomlinson languidly.

"Dear me, what a funny name!" cried Lizzie.

"I heard a much more beautiful name!" exclaimed Johnny.

"Well, tell us, what is it?" asked the girls a little superciliously.

"Wait a minute," stammered Johnny blushing, "I've—I've forgotten it."

"Oh, you silly boy!"

"No I haven't; here it is: Aldeberontephostophoneostecost."

"Oh, I say!" cried Annie Burnside.

"You shouldn't say 'I say', Miss Burnside," simpered Madeline.

"And why not, pray?" queried Annie angrily.

"My mamma says it isn't ladylike," said Madeline; "it's like a boy."

"Girls always want to be boys," observed Johnny, chuckling.

"Oh, do they though?" cried Lizzie in disdain. "We're six to one, Johnny, so you'd better look out," she added laughing and Johnny, with the discretion of valor, subsided.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

FUTURE AND PAST.—The future can never be divorced from the past. It is indeed its inevitable outcome. We cannot close up the record of the years behind us as if they had not been, and open a fresh and new one bearing no relation to those that precede it. What has been sown will be reaped, and thus, by reviewing the time that is gone, we may attain some degree of knowledge of that which is yet to come. And as the farmer, through his success and his failures, learns how better to prepare his soil and to select his seed, so we learn from time to time the lesson of experience.

Miss Horter (who is extremely sensitive): "If you care anything for my feeling, I wish you would go over and ask that low-bred man to stop staring at me."

Mr. Lechart: "Why didn't you speak of it before. I'll teach the dastard a lesson!" (Marches bravely over.) "Good-evening, Mr. Shears. I've had some trouble in getting money in, but I'll settle that little account early next week. Fine evening, isn't it?" (Goes back.) "I think the coward won't trouble you again, Miss Horter."

Small faults are little thieves that open the door for big ones to enter.

SO MUCH.

There is much that may be done
While the glittering life sands run,
If ye be but earnest minded,
If ye go not weakly blinded
By gay Fashion's heartless folly,
Or a selfish melancholy.

By a momentary pleasure,
Or a love of ease and leisure;
Lured not by flitting beauty
From the narrow path of duty;
Much there is that may be done
By an earnest minded one.

There is much that may be done
By a gentle loving one!
Her sweet mercy's prayer to breathe;
Her the manly brow to wreathe
In fadeless garlands from above,
Gemmed with the dew of heaven's love.

To sooth the careworn, troubled breast,
To guard the weary pilgrim's rest,
To close the eyes of age and youth,
To whisper of celestial truth,
Much—ah, much—may e'er be done
By a gentle, loving one.

LEARNING TO SPEAK.

There is a tale told by Herodotus of an Egyptian king who, desirious of settling a dispute as to which was the oldest people in the world, caused several new-born children to be placed in the custody of dumb guardians, and excluded from all human intercourse till such time as children usually begin to speak.

At the end of two years—as the tale goes—these children came running to their keepers with the cry "Bekkos" on their lips; and this being Phrygian for bread, to the Phrygian nation was awarded the palm of antiquity.

Now, though we should be sorry to maintain, on the authority of Herodotus, that the experiment above mentioned was ever really tried, we have no hesitation in affirming that if it had been, there is no reason why the result recorded should not have followed.

For it must be borne in mind that, though the power of speaking any given language—English, French or German—is clearly dependent upon the child's faculty of imitation and powers of articulation, taken in conjunction with the systematic teaching of the mother, its coming to speak at all is wholly independent of any instruction it may receive from those surrounding it.

The Egyptian children, if left entirely to their own devices, would before long have come to utter articulate sounds, and to attach definite meanings to them, and so ultimately would have invented, not Phrygian or any other known tongue, but assuredly a language of some kind or other.

They would have done this just as infallible as, if left to themselves, they would have come to hold up their heads, stand upright, and eventually to walk.

Strange to say, this truth has not been generally grasped, even by sagacious thinkers, for we find Buffon, the famous naturalist, expressly asserting that the child owes its power of speech to its mother, and explaining that animals do not speak because they do not remain sufficiently long with their mother to allow of her teaching them her language.

The slightest observation of the facts of infant life would have sufficed to dissipate such errors as these, but it is only lately that psychologists have penetrated into the nursery, and have begun their systematic observation of the growth of mind at the very cradle.

Among the first to do this was a philologist of repute, a member of the Institute of France, and the result of his investigation is given to the world in an admirable paper.

In the beginning, he says, children make their wants known through the medium of noise—i.e., inarticulate cries. For the first month of their existence there is no difference between the timbre of one child's voice and that of another, but about the fifth week the transition from the cry to the voice is distinctly to be noted, and language then has its beginning.

From six months onwards, the infant begins in a haphazard sort of fashion to articulate various labial or dental syllables, keeping to one particular syllable, perhaps, for several days, and then going on to another.

Little by little, out of the thousands of articulations he daily emits, he gets the control of some few, and being able to reproduce these at pleasure, makes them stand for his different wants or for the objects with which he is most familiar.

Thus Darwin's child, when a year old, invented the word "Mum" for food, while a child observed by Pollock, at the age of thirteen months said, "Wah, wah" for a dog or a cat.

Yet another child, observed by the present writer, invented the singular word "Buckee" to signify the want of something and when shown anything and told to say "Please," would always respond with "Buckee."

In this way, then, the child invents for himself a language, as artificial indeed as is the language spoken by those around it, but one which is purely individual. For—and, as the Frenchman points out, this is a fact worth noting—the sound by which one child chooses to express a given idea will not be the same as that which another child will choose, so that two children will employ two very different vocabularies, and, while understood by their nurses or mothers respectively, will not, except to a limited extent, be understood by each other.

Then he goes on to show how the particular language peculiar to each child passes into the language of the family and nation. Making a child speak, he says, is making it use the words which are in use among the grown-up people who surround it.

This process involves a double effort on the child's part, for it not only has to learn our language, but at the same time to unlearn its own.

The difficulty is all the greater because it is not sufficient that the child should understand the word in order to be able to articulate it.

Children, as every one knows, will understand words and obey orders conveyed in short sentences, long before they can themselves articulate these words or arrange them in sentences.

Taine's little girl was shown some birds two inches long, painted red and blue, on the walls of a room, and was told once, "There are kokos" (chickens). She was immediately sensible of the resemblance, and for half a day her great pleasure was to be carried round the room, crying out "Koko" at each fresh bird.

Says Taine, "No dog or parrot would have done so much; in my opinion, we come here upon the essence of language. Other analogies are seized with the same ease. She was in the habit of seeing a little black dog belonging to the house, which often barks, and it was to it she first learned to apply the word 'Oua oua.' Very quickly, and with very little help, she applied it to dogs of all shapes and kinds that she saw in the streets, and then to the bronze dogs on the staircase."

Facts such as these amply prove that it is not because men have the power of speech that their intelligence surpasses that of animals. Rather it is because the most brute-like man exceeds in intelligence the most humanized brute that language comes to be evolved at all.

Grains of Gold.

Truth and reason are common to every one.

It matters not how long we live, but how.

Everyone can master a grief but he that has it.

The dignity of truth is lost with much protesting.

Recall every day one good thought; read one fine line.

Contentions for trifling can get but a trifling victory.

The vicious obey their passions as slaves do their masters.

When a resolution is once formed half the difficulty is over.

Truth irritates those only whom it enlightens, but does not convert.

Many a man's vices have at first been nothing but good qualities run wild.

He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear.

Gentleness makes children endurable, women lovable, and men admirable.

To speak but say nothing is, for three people out of four, to express all they think.

The usefulest truths are plainest, and while we keep to them our differences cannot rise high.

Femininities.

Turkish women eat rose leaves with butter to secure plumpness.

Female performers first took the female parts in plays during the reign of Charles II.

Marion Harland thinks that boarding is a demoralizing way of living, and ruinous for children.

Do not allow idleness to deceive you; for, while you give him to-day, he steals to-morrow from you.

Bertrand, Kansas, young ladies have formally adopted the "10 P. M. go-home-young-man" rule.

They have "potato socials" in Kansas. The name may be from the fact that young folks go there to pair.

White enameled furniture in so many places shows the return of the French styles of two centuries ago.

Says Mrs. Lucy Stone: "We shall never have the churches full of men until the pulpits are filled by women."

A gown of black satin on which was embroidered many canary birds in gold thread and yellow silk attracted attention at a recent reception.

The four principal women's colleges in the United States are Wellesley, with 620 students; Smith, with 387; Vassar, with 353, and Bryn Mawr, with 79.

A bill before the Nevada Legislature makes it a misdemeanor for women to wear hats of greater height than three inches at any theatre in the State.

In preaching against extravagance, a Western minister looked straight at Mrs. Hiram Torver, who had on a $12 bonnet, and she fainted dead away.

Mrs. Cynthia Hathaway, of Savoy Mass., celebrated her 100th birthday anniversary recently by dancing with her oldest son, who is more than 80 years of age.

Mr. Blinks, reading: "Man is by nature master, subduer and tamer of—" Mrs. Blinks: "Huh! I should like to see you—" "Of the animal kingdom." "Oh!"

A: "Do you know what gives a woman the most satisfaction?" B.: "Her beauty, of course." A.: "Not her own, but the absence of any in some other woman."

Mrs Gabb: "I see mind reader Bishop's wife wants a divorce." Mrs. Gaddi: "No wonder. It must be perfectly awful to be married to a man who can read your mind."

A French writer judges women by their thumbs. Those with large thumbs are said to be more likely to possess native intelligence, while the small thumbs indicate feeling.

The use of side saddles is said to have been commenced in England about the year 1388. Before and up to that time, ladies rode on horseback in the same position as men.

Boxing and fencing are now included in the list of the fashionable girl of the period's many alleged accomplishments. Making bread and sewing on buttons are still far-off graces.

A girl in Norwalk, Conn., refused to get married after all the guests had assembled, explaining that she had made up with an old lover, and intended soon to go with him to the altar.

Fashionable pronunciation grows worse and worse in its drawls and affectations. It is quite possible that "society," a few years hence, will have a language wholly and exclusively its own.

Several things indicate domestic snobbery. Among them are silk pillow cases and sheets, India shawl comfortables, embroidered broadcloth towels—never used—and silver-handled tooth brushes.

Young lady: "Anything new in writing papers?" Dealer: "Yes, miss, we have one new style, ugly enough to give folks a fit, and so rough that no human being can write on it." "How cute! Give me a box."

Fashion has decreed a new wedding anniversary, the "clover wedding," upon the fourth year of matrimony. The gifts are four-leaved tables, screens, glass dishes, portfolios, frames, and other articles with quatrefoil designs.

A Connecticut woman has embroidered the words and music of "Home, Sweet Home," on a linen coverlet which is on the spare-room bed. Her guests have not decided whether the hostess means to indicate that they must feel at home or had better go home.

A St. Louis woman attacked a burglar who entered her home, and, though she was rather roughly handled in the scrimmage that followed, she had the satisfaction of sending the intruder off with a sore head—thanks to the assistance of a heavy stove poker—and without any booty.

Women are coming to the front more than ever in Paris. They are pushing their way everywhere among the males. There are lady doctors, lady stockbrokers, lady reporters, and recently a lady defended her father in a law court with an acumen worthy of a veteran lawyer.

She was an amateur singer, and being called upon to sing where there was no accompaniment at once soared into the high notes, ending with a demi-semi-quaver that shook the windows and startled the professor. "And do you often sing without an instrument?" he asked, surprised. "I always do!" she answered, promptly. "Wonderful! wonderful!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm; "but I believe it is quite common for young ladies to sing now without any music."

"John," said Mrs. Bilius, sweetly, "I have dismissed the cook, and will do the cooking myself hereafter. It will save us ever so much, and —— Where are you going, John?" "I am going to have my life insured!" replied Mr. Bilius, excitedly. "I can't afford to run any risks, Maria." An hour or two later Mrs. Bilius sat down and wrote as follows: "Dear mamma—The plan worked to a charm. John is not hard to manage if one goes at him the right way. The policy is for $10,000. The cook will come next week."

Masculinities.

Striking manners are bad manners.

The King of Samoa's salary is $20 a month.

The son of a duke has become a retail hatter in London.

"Jack the Kisser" is roaming the streets of St. Louis at night.

A man doesn't know what he can't do till he tries and fails.

The most inveterate borrowers are the borrowers of trouble.

We should soon get rich if we were paid for all the useless things we do.

Why not call them hay widows? Hay is grass with the greenness squeezed out.

Only two members of the Kansas House of Representatives are natives of the State.

Some people change their minds every day and yet never have decent ones around.

A declaration of principles from a man who has none does not help a candidate much.

The promising young men of a community are no better than the passing young men.

A citizen of Palmyra, Mo., got up in the night and went into the woods and felled a large tree while asleep.

When you read that a millionaire works harder than any of his clerks, please to remember that he also gets more pay.

The higher you are lifted by the remarks of a flatterer, the flatter you feel when you come down to the truth again.

Dr Johnson once, speaking of a quarrelsome fellow, said: "If he had two ideas in his head they would fall out with each other."

A shrewd and witty observer of human nature remarked that, to a pair of lovers, the rest of the world were of no more account than the figures on a bit of tapestry.

It is scarcely remarkable that a young man thinks his best girl is an angel when she flies to the window to see him approach, and then flies to the door to let him in.

The difference between a long and short yarn is very well illustrated by the difference of one's feelings in holding a skein of wool for one's grandmother or for one's sweetheart.

It has been estimated that it would take a man 200 years to read all the standard works. And yet you will scarcely find a man in society who will own that he has not read them, everyone.

Here is a droll item from a country paper: "A boy called on Mr. Herrick and wife last Tuesday morning and they concluded to keep him." This isn't funny till you get the focus of it.

Miss Gushington: "I admit, Arthur, that this is not the first time I have been engaged; but I'm sure your noble, generous heart——" Little brother: "Sis, the baby's got your bag of engagement rings."

The man who runs the elevator in the New York Produce Exchange has a good word for women, whom he declares are the best passengers he carries, "because they don't pollute the air with suffocating cigarettes."

He: "And so you are attending a cooking-school, Miss Clara?" She, brightly: "Yes, and it is such fun!" "I suppose you can make nice bread already?" "No, I have nothing to do with making bread; but I can make lovely angel cake. I am only taking the classical course."

A vain man's motto is, "Win gold and wear it;" a generous man's, "Win gold and share it;" a miser's, "Win gold and spare it;" a prodigate's, "Win gold and spend it;" a broker's, "Win gold and lend it;" a fool's, "Win gold and end it;" a gambler's, "Win gold and lose it;" a wise man's, "Win gold and use it."

A gentleman mentioned recently, at a dinner-table, that he had failed to keep abreast of the scientific advance of the age. "For instance," he said, "I don't know at all how the incandescent electric light which is now used in some buildings is produced." "Oh, it is very simple," said a young lady; "you just turn a button, and a light appears at once."

The Prince of Wales, it is said, eats clams direct from the shell, which he holds in his hand. The great Napoleon was passionately fond of shrimps. Henry Ward Beecher chewed roast lamb and eschewed roast beef. Charles Dickens, when lecturing in Brooklyn, drank a bottle of brandy and two bottles of champagne during the course of a single evening.

"You told me, darling," he said, "that you wanted time to think it over, and that immediately after the holidays I should learn my fate." "I know I did, Mr. Sampson," and the diamond ring which he had given her flashed merrily on her finger; "and I have considered the matter night and day: I regret to say I cannot be your wife, but shall always respect and admire you as a friend."

A young man of Hawkinsville, Ga., and his "best girl" quarreled some time ago, and remained "at outs" with each other, until the young man relented and began to devise some plan to "make up." He finally decided to try the effects of a flag of truce, and cutting a delicate piece of white ribbon into the shape of a miniature flag, he sealed it in a sweetly perfumed envelope and forwarded it to his fair enemy. It had the desired effect, and she at once gave him permission to cross the line and be happy again.

"The way to use your cane," said a noted foreigner recently, "is not to strike with it as if it were a club. That is of so little use that it is doubtful if it would not be wrenched away from you the first blow you tried to strike. You can make a cane the most ugly and vicious of weapons by simply punching with it. You hold the handle in your right hand and use your left hand merely to guide the point. Then jab with it at your assailant's stomach, neck or face, according as you want to hurt him. He can not get the cane away from you and cannot get within arm's reach of you."

Recent Book Issues.

The latest volume in Ticknor's Paper Series is "A Woman of Honor," by H. C. Bunner. It is a dramatic and intense story. The dialogue is crisp and sparkling, as might be expected from the witty editor of *Puck*. Some of the sketches are evidently portraits of well-known Americans, delicately and brightly outlined, and well-drawn types of New York character. Price 50 cents.

From Porter & Coates, we have received "Gertrude's Marriage" by W. Heimburg, translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis with photo-gravure illustrations by W. de Meza. This is a very charming and exceedingly interesting novel written by one of the foremost German novelists of the present time. The author is considered the successor to "Marlitt;" her style is as perfect but her characters are more natural. This story appeals strongly to the human heart, and possesses real dramatic fire. Published by Worthington & Co.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Popular Science Monthly has the following list of contents for March: "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," "The Chemistry of To-Day," "Glass Making," "South Slavic Moon-Myths," "Competition and the Trusts," "Law as a Disturber of Social Order," "Among the Fiji Islands," "The Foundation-Stones of the Earth," "Natural Science in Elementary Schools," "The Aryans in Science and History," "The Americanists in Congress," "Sketches of Pierre Belon," "Correspondence," "The Editor's Table," "Literary Notices," "Popular Miscellany, and "Notes". Appleton & Co., Publishers, N. Y.

The recent death of Selina Dolaro, the famous burlesque actress, lends a pathetic interest to the novel of "Bella-Demonia," which opens the March number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. An article of unusual literary interest is John Sartain's "Reminiscences of Edgar Allen Poe." Mr. Sartain was the editor of *Sartain's Magazine*, in which "The Bells" originally appeared. John Habberton concludes his "At Last: Six Days in the Life of an Ex-Teacher" in a bright and amusing manner. Charlotte Adams, somewhat coarsely, tells "How I Succeeded in Literature." C. Davis English has some sensible words on "The Apotheosis of Travel." The Hundred Questions and the other departments are up to their usual level of excellence.

An etching of Bellvin of Fortuny's famous picture "The Snake Charmer," the original of which was in Mr. A. T. Stewarts' gallery, forms the frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for March. The opening article deals with spectacular art in the theatre, and is written by Augustus Harris. Mabel Robinson has a paper on "Art Patrons," by whom she means, in this instance, the begging Friars of Italy. "Early Irish Art" is the subject of an interesting paper, and "Current Art" of one of more general interest. A feature of the latter is the page engraving, after Alma-Tadema's "A Study." The "Egyptian Textiles at South Kensington" are learnedly treated of by Francis Ford, and the third instalment of the Portraits of Dante Gabriel Rossetti is given. There is also a paper on "Illustrated Journalism in England," while the notes cover every department in the field of art, *Cassell & Co., New York*.

EVEN GOLD SOMETIMES DISCOLORS.—A jewelers' paper tells the story of a young man who purchased a 14 carat gold necklace for his best girl, and a few days after rushed into the store and throwing the present on the counter, declared that he had been swindled.

He explained that the owner wore the necklace at a reception, and after the first dance, finding it had made a black mark on her neck, she immediately went home, and the next day returned the piece of jewelry, with a note that "she did not like his brass."

The jeweler assured the man that the article was as represented, 14-carat, and while testing it, a young physician, who was standiding near and had overheard part of the story, asked to be told all, as he believed he could throw some light on the subject.

Pretty soon he laughed outright, and said:

"Why, sir, the trouble is with your girl and not the necklace. She has too much sulphur, iron, mercury, salt or acid in her blood, and as any of these substances has an affinity for gold the explanation is clear. I have patients for whom mercurial medicines have been prescribed, and the result is that their fingers upon which rings are worn discolored at once." The customer cooled off and carried his purchase away.

THE call to religion is not a call to be better than your fellow, but to be better than yourself. Religion is relative to the individual.

THROUGH certain humors and passions and from temper merely, a man may be completely miserable, let his outward circumstances be ever so fortunate.

HUNTERS in Newell township, Ill., one day this week, captured no less than 17 foxes.

MAN can do everything with himself, but he must not attempt to do too much with others.

COMPLEXION Powder is an absolute necessity of the refined toilet in this climate. Pozzoni's combines every element of beauty and purity.

AT AN ENGLISH BANQUET.

AT THE banquet the eye is fed as well as the palate. The entrance hall is often a miniature forest of flowers and shrubs amid which gleam pieces of statuary and colored lamps.

An attendant in powdered wig, coat embroidered in gold lace, plush knee breeches, silk stockings and buckled shoes, takes your overcoat and hat, and you walk up a broad staircase between two rows of evergreens.

Here you are met by another attendant in evening dress with a gold chain around his neck. He asks your name, throws open a door, shouts out your patronymic, and you are in the presence of the other guests.

The Master of the Company shakes you by the hand, and if you are a humble person, the others look as plainly as possible. "Who the deuce are you?"

Dinner is announced at six for half past, the half hour being taken up with introductions, greetings and confidential chats in the ante-room.

When any member of the Royal Family is invited, the guests are expected to be in their places half an hour before his or her arrival.

A move is made then towards the banqueting hall. Having previously consulted a plan, you take your seat in a large and lofty room, beneath a ceiling of carved oak, black with age, or painted with emblematic scenes and figures.

The Master sits at the centre of the table, and is distinguished by a gold chain of the office.

Behind him stands the toastmaster against a background of silver and gold flagons and plate, for which some livery companies are almost as distinguished as for the excellance of their dinners.

On the Master's right sits a royal prince, and on his left, a well-known duke, with the blue ribbion of the order on his breast. Statesmen, bishops, generals, admirals, lords of births, of commerce and of science, sit down on equal terms with wealthy commoners.

The sights, the sounds, the associations, everything breathes of luxury and refinement delightful to the senses. The grosser appetite is submerged, and the eye feasts upon a scene of fairylike splendor.

"Turtle, sir?"

You have just tickled your palate with a delicate side dish, and are prepared for the appetizing soup—real turtle—in which there swims a piece of green fat.

The salmon with Dutch sauce, the fried smelts and royal turbots, the whitebait are washed down with a glass of Chablis wine. Then came other side dishes, followed by roast capon, ham with champagne sauce, and roast lamb and green peas.

Bordeaux pigeon, peahen, guineafowl, prairie hen and plovers' eggs tempt you with the aid of champagne, and Madeira, and hock.

You have port with cheese, and cherry with Greek jellies, and claret with nuts, and a host of other dainties. After that you clear your mouth with an olive, and dip the corner of your napkin in rose-water.

By this time your formal neighbor has tapped you familiarly on the shoulder, or even dug you playfully in the ribs after asking your advice upon some private affair of his family.

The Master, too, has taken wine with you, which he does by toasting the guest on his right hand and on his left in turn. You have also pledged your neighbor in the loving cup.

What civic banquet would be complete without the loving cup, and yet how few, when they raise the double-handled silver flagon to their lips, and drink of the sack or sweet mead of their forefathers, give a thought to the origin of the ceremony?

The toast master craves silence to announce that "the worshipful Master will drink with you in a love cup."

The Master bows to the prince, and, having put the flagon to his lips, wipes the rim with his napkin, and passes the cup.

The prince receives it with a bow, and turning his back upon the Master, bows to his right-hand neighbor, who has risen to return the salutation.

The prince then drinks, wipes the rim, and hands the flagon to his neighbor, who repeats the ceremony with his neighbor, and so on until each guest has pledged the other in the same cup.

The master resumes his seat only when the prince has parted with the flagon, and the prince takes his chair only when his neighbor has released his grasp of the two handles. Thus three persons are always on their feet while the loving cup is being passed. To those who have not learned that there is a reason for everything, this elaborate ceremony may seem like a piece of empty mummery. It has, however, a quaint and romantic explanation.

In "the good old times" a man occasionally took the opportunity of slaying his enemy while his hands were engaged in grasping the loving cup and his lips were engaged in drinking.

The present arrangement is an assurance that the neighbor of the drinker cannot do anything of the kind, as his hands are on it and occupied too.

After the loving cup comes the toast, songs and speeches and then the end.

BY TRIFLING WITH A COLD, many a one allows himself to drift into a condition favorable to the development of some latent disease, which thereafter takes full possession of the system. Better cure your Cold at once with Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a good remedy for Throat-ails and Lung Affections.

PONCE DE LEON'S SEARCH.

Old Ponce de Leon, past threescore and ten,
Had lived out the period allotted to men
When westward he hied him, because he, forsooth,
Expected to find there a "fountain of youth."

But we, much more favored, need never expose
Our persons to arrows of barbarous foes;
We seek no elixir 'mong savages fierce,
Content with the "GOLDEN DISCOVERY" of PIERCE.

Consumption and scrofula, coughs and catarrh,
And fever—more fatal of scourges than war—
Whose presence the system so frequently taints,
A source of malignant and deadly complaints.

With all these afflictions you need not despair:
The wondrous "DISCOVERY" has virtues so rare
That, used as directed, 'tis certain at length
To tone up the system, renewing your strength.

When weary with working or trembling with ago,
Use PIERCE'S "DISCOVERY" and we will engage,
Persistently taken, it will, of a truth,
Restore you to vigor, renewing your youth.

It cleanses the system of humors there rife,
Gives strength to the feeble, imparting new life,
Improves the digestion, gives relish for food
With life-giving ozone, enriches the blood.

WARRANTED. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is guaranteed to benefit or cure all diseases for which it is recommended, or the money paid for it will be returned. Sold by druggists, the world over.

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CATARRH IN THE HEAD is conquered by the cleansing, antiseptic, soothing and healing properties of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents, by druggists.

TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 5's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Humorous.

THE OLD ROCKING-CHAIR.

My grandmother sat in the old rocking-chair
(But she was not my grandmother then),
And her pert little face was bewitchingly fair
As she laughed a defiance to men!

My grandfather rode through the white orchard fare,
And fathered his roan to a tree;
He'd a well-powder'd wig on his silly young pate,
And high-tassel'd boots, to his knee!

The kingcup and daisy bloomed round in their pride,
And bees of their sweetness did sip;
But my grandfather blush'd and my grandfather sigh'd,
As he flick'd off their heads with his whip.

My granny she hummed her a cunning old song—
"Faint heart never won ladye fair!"
So he wooed and he prayed, and before very long
There sat two in that old rocking-chair!

—J. G. BRENAN.

Military tools—Files of soldiers.

Why is Oolong a sure thing?—Because it is a certain tea.

Jimmy: "I dreamt I was among angels last night." Sammy: "Didn't you feel mean?"

The negro possesses one advantage over the white man—he can more effectually conceal a black eye.

Sir Isaac Newton earned fame by seeing an apple fall. Some people make money by keeping an apple stand.

The late Oliver Ditson left $15,000 for the founding of a home for poor singers. But the sum is appallingly inadequate. Fifteen millions wouldn't house half of them.

Young gent: "I am going to give the teacher a piece of my mind." Young lady: "I would not if I were in your place; he has got all he wants, and you haven't any to spare!"

Two friends are conversing. "I know of nothing more disagreeable than a man who never has any money about him." "Quite true, because one can never borrow anything of him."

Employer: "You say that your habits are all correct?" Applicant: "Yes, sir." Employer, after a moment's pause: "Do you drink?" Applicant, absent-minded: "Thanks; don't care if I do."

Anxious father: "You are of age now, and I want to give you a little pointed advice as to how to keep money. You—" Matter-of-fact son: "But wouldn't it be proper first to advise me how to get it."

In a lately published story book for boys the author has a boy thirteen years old capture three burglars, save four persons from drowning, discover and put out a fire, save a city from inundation, and find $50,000 in an alley.

"Men are never satisfied," said Billy Bitven, in a moralizing mood. "Oh, yes, they are!" said Sample. "Did you ever hear of a man having more than he wanted of anything?" "Yes, indeed. Look at Dick Downing's rheumatism!"

"I don't know how it is," said the ex-fireman, "but ever since our town went no license, more'n half my packages are marked 'Glass, handle with care.' I'm getting sick of it; I can't load and unload in twice the time I used to."

We have just read a story in which "the red sun was sinking behind the western hills." This is all right. If the blue sun had been setting behind the eastern hills it would have been different, and the writer would have made a sensation.

"John," said a wife to her husband, as she looked up from the morning paper, "what is a coastwise steamer?" "A coastwise steamer, my dear? Why, a coastwise steamer is one that knows how to keep off the rocks along the coast."

Irritable old chap, at a dinner party: "I wish to heaven I had a gentleman opposite me!" Cool guest, on the other side of the table: "Why should you wish such a thing? You cannot be more opposite to a gentleman than you are at present."

Mrs. Hayseed: "So young Wiggins is dead, I wonder what he died of?" Alonzo Hayseed, fresh from college: "I heard it was pulmonary phthisis." Mrs. H.: "Land o' Goshen! and me thinkin' all the time the fellow had the consumption."

Son: "Papa, how do they catch lunatics?" Cynical father: "With large straw hats and feathers, and white dresses, jewelry, and neat gloves, my boy." Mamma, musingly: "Yes, I remember, that's how I dressed before we were married."

A gentleman who had been deprived of food for some hours entered a restaurant and deliberately walked into a round of beef. What makes it more extraordinary is that he got through it, and was met by a friend coming out, who declared he had never seen him looking better.

Tramp: "Do you people eat this kind of fodder?" Benevolent dressmaker: "Yes, we do. Ain't it good enough for you?" "Hardly, mum, hardly. It's good enough, I suppose, for people who have to work for a living, but not for a person like me, traveling merely for recreation."

Charles Theodore Russell was examining a witness in an English court recently. The question was about the size of certain hoof-prints left by a horse in sandy soil. "How large were the prints?" asked the learned counsel. "Were they as large as my hand?" holding up his hand for the witness to see. "Oh, no," said the witness, honestly; "it was just an ordinary hoof." Then Mr. Russell had to suspend the examination while everybody laughed.

SALVATION OIL is a speedy and permanent cure for all pain. It extirpates the cause.

NEW YORK city is America's metropolis; her pride is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup at 25 cents.

AMBIGUITY OF EXPRESSION.—Klopstock, the German poet, was once visited by some students from Gottingen to have the meaning of one of his stanzas explained.

After reading the stanza, he replied, "I cannot recollect what I meant when I wrote it, but I remember that it was the finest thing I ever wrote, and you cannot do better than to devote your lives to the discovery of its meaning."

A comical sentence appeared in the programme of a concert given by M. Gounod in London.

The eighth song was printed, "She Wandered Down the Mountain Side,' accompanied by the composer."

Instances of "neglecting the antecedent" are amusing.

In an old geography we are told that a certain place is a "town with 300 houses and 1,200 inhabitants, all with their gable ends towards the street."

A furrier once announced that he was prepared to "make up capes, circulars, etc., for ladies out of their own skins."

A London match vendor used the following street cry, "Buy a pennyworth of matches from a poor old man made of foreign wood."

Some years ago a member of a certain London club was standing on the steps of the clubhouse. A man stopped and asked, "Does a gentleman belong to your club with one eye named Walker?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "What was the name of his other eye?"

The father did not speak with clearness when he exhibited a fiddle made by his son and said, "He made it out of his head; and has wood enough left to make another one."

We occasionally read in the papers about "terra cotta ladies' gloves," "woollen children's mitts," etc.; or that "a snake was killed by a boy twelve feet long;" or that a thrifty housewife "washes and irons herself every week;" or that a man wants "a boy to drive a horse who lives with his parents."

HIS PRIVATE BAND.—A friend of ours gave a musical party, looked aboutamongst his acquaintance for suitable guests, and after cogitation and inquiry made up his mind to invite the following:

Jones, because he was so clever in blowing his own trumpet.

Brown, because he possessed the ability of harping on one string.

Smith, because, even if you stopped him in the street for a moment, he began to fiddle with his collar.

Tompkins, because the sight of a thirteenth card of a suit filled him with an irresistible wish to "trump it."

Johnson, because he played second fiddle to his wife.

Simpson, because, as a newspaper proprietor, he had an organ of his own.

Richardson, because he is good at the long bow, and

Samuelson, because he and his wife are celebrated for their kettle drums.

THE ROBIN.—In many parts of Ireland the first visit of a robin is regarded as a forecast of severe wintry weather; and the Devonshire people have given the robin the name of "Farewell, Summer."

An ancient Welsh legend represents the robin visiting a distant region of darkness, fire, and evil spirits, and bearing day by day a drop of water in its bill to quench the flame. In this pious mission his feathers are scorched, and so the Welsh call the bird "Breast-burnt."

A legend of the Middle Ages ascribes the ruddy hue of the robin's breast to its attempt to pluck a spike from our Saviour's crown of thorns.

In the Isle of Man, while the robin is venerated, the wren is not esteemed; and formerly the "hunting of the wren" was a popular pastime, from the belief that the bird was an enchantress, and lured to destruction those men who listened to her siren song.

A DECAYED GENTLEMAN.—Mrs. Spriggins (to persistent beggar): "A week ago Walker, I gave you a good coat. Why do you come to me again in the same old rags?"

Beggar (with dignity): "The garment, madam, with which you accommodated me was some three inches too short, so I stored it with a pawnbroker. Poor as I am, I have not forgotten that a gentleman's attire should be well-fitting, however worn and threadbare."

IT MAY be proper for all to remember that they ought not to raise expectations which it is not in their power to satisfy; and that it is more pleasing to see smoke brightening into flame than flame sinking into smoke.

EASTERN MAN.—Is this a peaceful and law-abiding community? Arizonian—Peaceful! Law-bidin'? I'd say hit was. When a man lives hyer, he's got ter be law-bidin'. W'y, we hung four men hyer last night for steelin' hosses.

CUSTOMER (after a shave)—Great Scott, barber, that razor of yours is in a terrible condition. Barber—Yes, sah, I spect it am. I was out to a darnce las' night. Dat razzer needs de grindstone, dat's what it needs.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

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FOR WIGS, INCHES.
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No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1888

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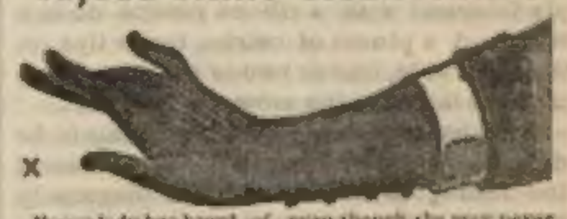

Every lady has heard of, even though she may never have worn the famous "Foster" Kid Glove. The "Foster" is one of the best brands of kid gloves manufactured, and the grade we offer retails everywhere at from $1.25 to $1.50 per pair, and in some places at even higher prices. A good black kid glove is always stylish, and is a necessity to every lady, young or old, and every one who answers this advertisement may secure a pair Free.

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Functional Disorders Corrected. Nervous Prostration, Sexual Debility, Impotency, Atrophy, Premature Decline, Unnatural Emissions, Organic Decay, etc., with attending evils, from whatever cause, are quickly and permanently cured by Dr. R. F. CATON'S XXX VITAL RESTORER. A Legitimate Specific without an offensive feature. Immediate relief and final cure complete is guaranteed. Sold only by Dr. R. F. CATON, Box 5257, Boston, Mass. Package by mail, $1; 6 for $5. Sealed information free to all.

$12,000 IN CASH GIVEN TO Subscribers!

OUR SECOND GRAND AWARD OF CASH PRESENTS, MAY 29th, 1889.

Instead of spending $50,000 this year in giving away sample copies to readers throughout the U. S. we have decided upon the following novel contest for the purpose of advertising and getting our publication talked about from one end of the country to the other.

We have taken an ordinary quart measure, filled it with Western yellow corn, sometimes called horse tooth corn in the East, poured the corn into an ordinary quart fruit jar, such as is used for preserving fruit, sealed it securely and deposited it with the Second National Bank, Jersey City. It cannot be opened or counted until May 29th, 1889, and no person now knows how many grains of corn the jar contains.

The following 3395 Presents will be GIVEN to the 3395 persons making the best guesses of the number of grains the jar contains:

1 present to the	Subscriber guessing the correct number,	$2,500
1 present to the	Subscriber guessing nearest the correct number,	1,500
1 present to the	Subscriber making the next best guess	750
1 present to the	Subscriber making the next best guess,	500
1 present to the	Subscriber making the next best guess,	250
5 presents to the	5 Subscribers making next best guess, $100 each,	500
10 presents to the	10 Subscribers making next best guess, 50 each,	500
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100 presents to the	100 Subscribers making next best guess, 5 each,	500
200 presents to the	200 Subscribers making next best guess, 2.50 each,	500
500 presents to the	500 Subscribers making next best guess, 2 each,	1,000
2,500 presents to the	2,500 Subscribers making next best guess, 1 each,	2,500
3,395 Presents,	Amounting to	$12,000

SEND YOUR GUESS with name and address plainly written on a piece of paper the size of a postal card, and it will be recorded on our books at once. No charge is made for the guess, but in order to introduce our old and well established publication, THE AMERICAN FIRESIDE AND FARM into new homes, we require that each one answering this and sending a guess shall become a subscriber to our publication for at least six months, and send us 50 cents in postage stamps, postal note or silver, or 50 cents for one year's subscription, which entitles the subscriber to two guesses, or one dollar for two years' subscription, which entitles the subscriber to FOUR GUESSES.

The Jar will be opened and grains counted May 29th, 1889, by a committee chosen by the subscribers. All presents will be paid in checks on above Bank, and all names and addresses published in JUNE NUMBER.

Should no one guess the correct number, then the one guessing nearest will receive the first present of $2,500. Should two or more persons guess the correct number, then the one whose guess is first received will receive the $2,500, and the next the $1,500, and so on.

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION FREE!—For a Club of Five Yearly Subscribers, accompanied by $2.50 Cash, we will send one extra Subscription. For a Club of Ten and $5.00, we will send two extra Subscriptions. For a Club of Twenty and $10.00, ten extra Subscriptions. Every yearly Subscriber is entitled to two guesses, and the GETTER UP OF THE CLUB is entitled to two AGENTS EXTRA GUESSES for each extra Subscription, and to all the cash collected for the extra Subscriptions.

$12,000 CASH. On February 13th we gave away $12,500 in cash, and a list of the subscribers receiving presents will be found in the March number. We now have one hundred thousand subscribers, and want and expect to have double that number before May 29th. We therefore make this SECOND GRAND OFFER OF $12,000 IN CASH PRESENTS.

THE AMERICAN FIRESIDE AND FARM

Is one of the largest, handsomest, and best publications issued from New Jersey. It contains sixteen large pages, 64 columns, completely filled with newest and choicest reading for every member of every American home. The subscription price has been reduced to only 50 cents a year. We have been so long before the public that it ought to be a sufficient guarantee that we will do as we agree. If we are unknown to you, any bank, commercial agency or publisher in N. J. will tell you who we are. Money may be sent by Postal Note, Registered Letter, or P. O. Order. Address: THE AMERICAN FIRESIDE AND FARM,
Weldon Building, Montgomery St., Jersey City, N. J.

SHOW THIS TO YOUR FRIENDS; SECURE A CLUB. IT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Velvet continues to be the most fashionable material for bonnets, which are marked by extreme simplicity of style, corresponding in this respect with the general style of the dress, which is most happily and unusually free from all taint of exaggeration.

Most ladylike and becoming little capotes are made of velvet in black, or in a color harmonizing with the dress.

The crown is draped in pleats or folds from the edge upwards, the brim is composed of bias folds with a drapery at the top, in the centre, and a small plume and aigrette, or a fancy feather ornament near the drapery, is the only ornament.

This is very interesting in bright brown velvet, with a gold-colored plume and aigrette, and gold pins fastening on the strings.

An exceedingly small capote, with a rounded crown fitting close to the head, is covered with plain green velvet, a band of gold passementerie bordering the edge all round, and taking the place of a brim.

In front at the top there is a folded twist of velvet with two little pointed draperies rising above it, and a light aigrette in gold color matching the passementerie, and two gold filigree butterflies placed on the folds of the drapery.

In hats the low-crowned, broad-brimmed shape prevails over all more fanciful styles; the most elaborate models are nearly concealed by their feathery ornaments, but a great many pretty and stylish hats are simply trimmed with a ribbon rosette on one side, and a plume of ostrich feather tips on the other side, one or two of the tips being made to fall over the crown to the front.

Some costumes are excellent models in *lie de vin* brocade and peau de soie to match; the redingote fronts, fastened diagonally from the right shoulder to the left hip under a revers of blue fox, are of brocade and are slightly draped on the left hip; the back, ending in a pleated skirt, is of the same material, but the long over sleeve, mounted on the shoulder with rows of gauging and the heading, are of plain peau de soie.

The sleeves stop just in front of the shoulder, and the arms are protected by loose coat-sleeves of the brocade and finished off with fur bands.

A redingote is a plain cloth paridessus for a young lady, with a full gauged pelerine ending in front of the shoulders under the large revers, which are buttoned up on to it.

Costumes in redingote style are made of fine habit cloth in the prettiest and most fashionable shades of lizard green, Eiffel gray, Monaco blue, brick, terra-cotta, and Grenache red, light gray and light drab, exactly the same shade as the cloth used for the greatcoats of the menservants.

These are for afternoon wear; for the morning there are redingote costumes, with a multiplicity of capes made of English cloth in broken chequers and of rough texture.

Nothing is more fashionable for indoor wear than white cloth and trimmed with gold.

In a pretty model the front of the plain skirt is trimmed with three rows of gold braid, starting from the waist on the right side, and ending in points near the edge on the left side, the rows here being of graduated length.

The little white cloth jacket, lined with gold-colored surah, opens over a full chemisette of white crape. The sleeves and collar are trimmed with gold braid; the buttons are of cloth embroidered with gold, and the wide sash, tied in a large bow at the back, is of rich blue velvet.

There are many other ways of making these effective dresses, and in some models the skirt is slightly draped to break the monotony of the perfectly plain full skirt. No other material is used as a substitute for cloth, which is richer, softer, and more drapable even than vigogne.

An immense number of new woolen materials are woven with cashmere designs in bands, either across the material or along one selvedge; some have a single wide band, and others have a series of graduated bands, the lowest one forming a wide borders, and these make excellent tabliers for small figures, but, as stripes across always have the effect of shortening the figure, they are best avoided by those who are not tall.

The mode has brought in a revival of the pretty delicate tints that are found in their greatest beauty and purity in old cashmere and other Indian shawls; the fashionable shade of light green is precisely the same as that in old Indian shawls; the dull blues, dark reds, dark violet and blue, almost black, and the brilliant yellow that is only found in Oriental fabrics, all these are combined together in designs of Eastern character, on a plain ground in some shade of mastic, tobacco, red brown, naracat, or heliotrope.

These cashmere patterns are charming on a white ground, which they nearly cover; and the material is employed for the waistcoat or ornaments of Directoire costumes.

The plain tight sleeve, emerging from the large open sleeve, may also be made of the brocbe.

In nearly every case the figured material is used for the tablier and corsage ornaments, the redingote being of plain fabric, silk or woolen.

The *levite*, another mode borrowed from the Empire style of dress is becoming fashionable. It is a kind of straight, semi-fitting pelisse, trimmed all round with fur, and looks appropriate with a large hat ornamented with a feather boa, of which the ends are brought round the neck to fall in front.

A plain skirt and broad sash are the indispensable accompaniments of the levite, and a full lace collar is also generally worn. The vetements are in all colors, but are most fashionable in gray and green, colors that harmonize well with all kinds of fur.

Open jackets with fur revers are amongst the most fashionable vetements for young ladies; the fronts are made of ever-increasing length, and slope up sharply towards the rather short basque at the back. A new model, in gray cloth, opens from the neck over a gray silk plastron, with a plain rounded basque, and striped across the chest and edge, in Breton fashion, with straight rows of black silver braid.

The very long jacket fronts are ornamented with revers of black astrakan, wide on the chest at the edge, but narrow and curved at the waist. Pockets at the sides, and the collar and cuffs are also of the astrakan.

The gray cloth dress to accompany the jacket has a plain skirt bordered with a band of the astrakan, and a tunic draped on the hips and falling in plain folds at the back.

Mantelets, with very long ends in front, but bordered all around with fur are very elegant, but the honors of the season are chiefly reserved for the long mantles in pelisse form, which are rich in quality, superbly trimmed and exceedingly stylish-looking.

A new model has the straight fronts of black velvet trimmed down the centre and around the edge with black fox fur.

The sleeves, the front, as far as the waist, and the whole of the back are of silk brocade; the sleeves are of the turned-under type, finished off with fur bands, but the lower part is full, pleated in under the band of fur, and then draped with a rich passementerie ornament behind and below the elbow.

The brocade falls from this point in easy coquille folds over the velvet skirt and is lined with silk. The edge is bordered with fur, and, after it joins the skirt with its separate border, the fur is continued round the edge of the pleated skirt at the back.

Odds and Ends.

FOR HOME DECORATIONS.

There are now so many pretty ways of making screens, that it seems a real case of *embarras de richesses*; but I think for a fire shield, nothing is so charming as plate-glass, as it does away with the rather forlorn feeling that comes over one when the opaque screens hides the glowing coals from view; and, although not in itself a novelty, still there are so many pretty new ways of framing and decorating the glass, that I think it may claim a place among "winter novelties."

The prettiest is an oval wooden frame, painted cream, lightly flecked with gold, "clouds" rising to a point at the top. A group of roses, ivy and berries, or any design selected, may be modelled lightly below the point, a delicate trail being carried down on one side, and on the other a few birds or butterflies painted flat.

The reverse side would be carried out in a different style, say a small landscape painted and shaded off beneath the point, with a few grasses rising from the bottom of the frame, with here and there a bee or butterfly poised.

The modeling must be very light, and not carried down too far or near the edge, as a screen of this description is constantly moved about.

Another novel design is two or three salamanders lightly painted, with forked flames rising from small logs (painted flat) and the motto running down each side, "Aha! I am warm, I have seen the fire;" but this is certainly more uncommon than artistic, and this is rather suggestive of "Mephisto."

The clothes-horse screens are suitable for making a snug corner, and may be decorated in a multiplicity of ways, with painted panels of cloth or lincrusta, or even of satin if preferred, and lacing the hinges over with silk cord adds greatly to the pretty effect.

One screen that much took our fancy was two-fold; on one side were panels of cloth, shaded gray-blue, with trails of La France roses, commencing with full-blown flowers on the upper half, and trailing down on to the lower panels there were buds and briars. An inquisitive sparrow was poised with fluttering wings on a thorny spray, and peered down at a big garden spider suspended from his web.

The other fold was white clematis treated in the same way, relieved by a few butterflies and another bird flying after the insect. The lower spaces were filled in with drawn pongee silk, and the hinges laced with green and gold cord.

Of course the back must be "made tidy" with some sateen to harmonise in color, three or four folds may be arranged if preferred; but in this case the screen must be taller.

Another pretty model was painted black, lightly clouded with pale gold or silver, and trails of orange, yellow, and scarlet nasturtiums drooped gracefully down the panels. The pongee silk being of water-green, a green cross laced the edges, and at the top a scarf of green silk was prettily draped.

A novel way of arranging a piano back is to place a large mirror (unframed)—many people have old-fashioned ones they are glad to utilize—in the best way it will fit against the piano. Procure a piece of wood about six inches wide, the length of the side of the glass.

Model it lightly, or paint flat a spray of roses, ivy, clematis, or passion flower, according to taste (fruit is also effective); paint and varnish highly to give it the appearance of china. Have the mirror made to fit in one side of the wood, the other coming to the exact edge of the piano.

Fasten a curtain of silk or plush to harmonize with the painting at the top of the wood; drape it along the edge of the glass, catching it up with a large bow or cord and tassels at the opposite side and let the folds fall to the ground, forming a border to one side of the mirror, the wood frame decorating the other.

What shall we have in our drawingrooms next?

Frying-pans, tree-trunks, grandfather's clocks, and even the warming-pans appear there.

Frying-pans are tolerably decorative, and grandfather's clock is a respectable old sort of intruder, though he does seem to gaze with an air of surprised dignity at the frivolous odds and ends which in these days come under the head of "decoration;" but, a warming-pan, charming as it may appear perhaps, with the flames of the kitchen fire glancing on its polished face, we have never yet found any style of decoration which could make it otherwise than suggestive of a bad cold and a basin of gruel.

Banjos are artistic, but costly. We suppose everyone has seen them in terra-cotta, prepared for painting. They are moderately pretty, but, as we think the ground should be white or some light color, it seems a pity to buy terra-cotta to cover entirely.

The cardboard ones are effective and easily made. Cut a piece of cream or white cardboard the shape of a banjo, shade slightly to imitate the real article; fit a strip around the edge (this can be tied with narrow bows of ribbon, as it is difficult to arrange otherwise); paint the strings and bridge, and a spray of flowers, or, better still, a lightly painted landscape; with a band of velvet or silk arranged half round makes this a pretty decoration.

But we think think the most attractive are made of cream plush—the cardboard covered with it entirely; no strip round the edge, but mounted on a draped scarf of velvet; a bold spray of flowers, and the strings worked with strands of coarse silk, stretching up from beneath the flowers, with a light spray trailing among them.

The decoration may be varied by cutting the shape of a violin or mandoline, but these are more difficult and scarcely so pretty.

The colors can be arranged according to taste, and for flowers, gueldor roses, autumn leaves, berries, poppies, chestnut, white convolvuli, creamy lilies, and La France roses are lovely.

HABIT is like a rope to which we are constantly adding new threads and strands. It finally becomes so strong that it can not be broken, except by a thread or a strand at a time.

Confidential Correspondents.

L. E. L.—The work "kismet" is Arabic, meaning "fate."

REGIO.—The remains of Columbus now repose in the Cathedral at Havana.

READER.—We should seriously advise you to leave your nose alone; any attempt to alter the shape of it will be sure to result in further disfigurement.

L. H. W.—The "Ettrick Shepherd" was James Hogg, a Scottish poet, who was born in the forest of Ettrick in Selkirkshire, and in early life was a shepherd. He died in 1835.

MARIANNA.—The wearing of "chatelaines" is of very ancient date. The Saxon ladies wore them, and various appliances of the toilet were suspended to them, such as tweezers, nail-arrangers, etc.

B. B.—Florence Nightingale was an English lady who was made famous by her philanthropic efforts to alleviate the sufferings of wounded soldiers in the Crimean war. She is still living, but is altogether an invalid.

E. L. A.—It is not usual to shake hands on being introduced to a stranger; but it is difficult to lay down an exact rule. You must be guided by circumstances. It is not ill-bred to do it, but in most cases it is superfluous.

G. S. S.—Bread is said to be adulterated with alum, chalk, plaster of Paris, potatoes, burnt bones, and a variety of other substances to make it whiter, and to add to its weight; any of these ingredients make it indigestible and less nutritious.

DISAPPOINTED.—It is indeed hard to find that one whom we respect and admire should fall short of all our expectations. You had better write and ask for an explanation, if you are quite sure that there was no mistake as to when and where the meeting was to take place.

FRANK.—Introduce the youngest to the elder of two persons who wish to be acquainted, the person of inferior rank to the superior, and a man to a woman. To explain, you should say "Allow me to introduce," or "to present, Mr. So-and-so," and then say, "Mrs. So-and-So," or whatever the prefix to the name may be.

WILROVA.—In the time of the Scipios and the Roman republic, the country inhabited by the ancestors of the people now known to English-speaking races as "the Moors," had the Latin name of "Mauritania," and its inhabitants were the "Mauri." This country, the home of the early Moors, is now known as Morocco.

EXPRESS.—There is no such "electrical machine," as you have been informed, whereby the inside of the human stomach may be illuminated and any growths detected. It is possible to examine certain cavities of the body by means of reflected light; but the stomach, for obvious reasons, cannot be so approached. We should advise your friend to accept the opinion of the doctors at the hospital, who would use any instrument that science has devised if it could be of any use.

ELLSLER.—Napoleon Francois Charles Joseph, son of Napoleon I. and Marie Louise, lived in the Austrian dominions after the final overthrow of his father, and was known as the Duke of Reichstadt. In 1830 he was given by Marshal Marmont a course of instruction on the Napoleonic campaigns. In 1831 he commanded a Hungarian infantry regiment, stationed at Vienna. He died in the Schonbrunn Palace in 1832, in the same room in which his father had once dictated peace to Austria.

PHILIPPA.—Three or four more years should pass over your heads before you think of getting married; you are both too young at present; or, we are afraid, it might be a case of "marry in haste, repent at leisure." If you are not patient and good-tempered yourself, you should also consider seriously about the bad temper of your husband-to-be. Above all, do not keep anything from your mother, especially such a serious matter as your settlement in life; for who is so able to advise you as she who has known you all your life, and guided you from your earliest years?

UNWISEMAN.—A lady's visiting card should be about three inches in length and two in depth, without glaze, and not thick; a small clear copper plate is the best for the name. When people are not well enough to return thanks in person, they can do so by post—that is to say, they send cards with "to return thanks for kind inquiries" written underneath the name. If a lady has a friend or acquaintance who is ill, she leaves a card as soon as she can with the words "to inquire" written underneath her name. The cards cannot be sent by post under any circumstances.

PEG.—Generally speaking a bride is under no obligation to provide any requisites for her new home. The bridegroom is expected to provide a furnished home for his wife, and to have all in readiness for her reception, as well as a fair provision for her support, agreed upon by her parents with him, before he undertakes the serious responsibility of taking her from her parents and her own natural home. In France, amongst the bourgeois and lower orders in general, the intending wife provides the house linen and her own, and the man all the furniture and other requisites of the house.

C. A. C.—At a party where all are total abstainers, the following list of drinks may serve as a guide: Lime juice, fruit syrups or cordials—not forgetting ginger cordial—mineral waters, including lemonade and waters; these being nice mixed with the fruit syrups. In addition, have a good supply of home-made lemonade, made by mixing the thin rinds and juice of three lemons with each quart of boiling water sweetened to taste. Cover, and let it stand several hours before using. Assuming it to be a supper party for which you are catering, coffee and cocoa or chocolate should be served with or after the meal.

M. L.—Martin, from whose name the feast called "Martinmas" was named, or rather who was himself the object of commemoration, was also distinguished as giving a name to a certain season of the year, fine weather setting in on the 11th of November being called "St. Martin's summer" in France and Switzerland. This saint was the Bishop of Tours (France), and died A.D. 400, having specially distinguished himself in destroying the heathen altars and images of false gods, which in his day still existed, and which he could not tolerate within his episcopate, held by him for upwards of twenty-six years.